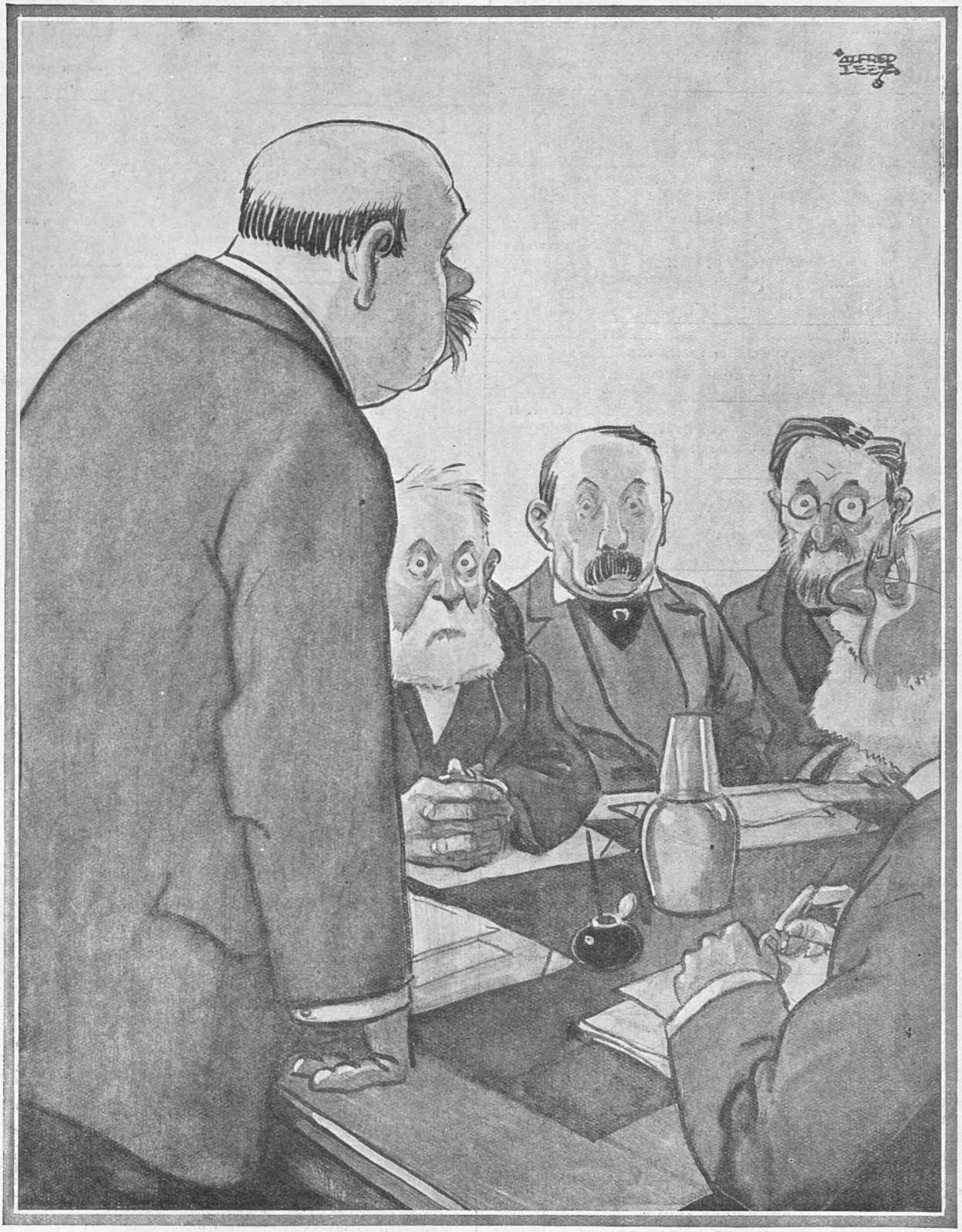
The Bystander. November 12, 1919. No. 832. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER



CARRIED "EN BLOC"!

CHAIRMAN OF DISTRICT COUNCIL: "Now, gentlemen, why can't we put our 'eads together and erect some of them wooden houses?"

By ALFRED LEETE.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EMPIRE. Gerr. 3527.
ALFRED BUTT presents
Serge Diaghileff's Season of
RUSSIAN BALLETS
Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Sats., 2.30.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541.) 2.30 and 7.45 p.m.
YORKE & LEONARD in "HOSIERY"; ADA REEVE; ARTHUR PRINCE; "THE QUESTION," The Great American Playlet; MARIE NORDSTROM; VERNON WATSON, etc.

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ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S 9TH HIPPODROME REVUE.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8.30.
(REVUE starts at 2.50 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.)
GEORGE ROBEY, Leon Errol, etc. 'Phone, Ger. 650.
NOVEMBER 14th: 2nd PEAL.

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Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, November 10.
MAX DAREWSKI, GEORGE LASHWOOD, GEORGE CARNEY, VERSATILE THREE, TUCKER, JACK PLEASANTS, FRED COOPER, MANUEL & FRANCOIS, MONO VIVIAN, VARIETIES.

ADELPHI. (Gerr. 2645).
"WHO'S HOOPER?"
W. H. BERRY, Marjorie Gordon, Cicely Debenham, Robert Michaelis.
Evenings at 8. Mats., Wed, and Sat., at 2.

ALHAMBRA. Every Evening at 8.
Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat at 2.15.
"EASTWARD HO."
Violet Loraine. Ralph Lynn.

COURT. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH in
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
MARY GREY as PORTIA.
Every Evening at 8. MATINÉES, WED. and SAT. at 2.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production.
(Under the direction of ROBERT EVETT).
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, and JOSÉ COLLINS.
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, TUES. & SATS. at 2.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Mlle. GINA PALERME
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"THE GIRL FOR THE BOY."
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

GLOBE. ('Phone Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR.
Every Evening at 8.15. Matinées, Weds. and Sats. at 2.15.
"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET."
MARIE LOHR, ARTHUR WONTNER, NORMAN McKINNEL.

LYRIC.
"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"
By Richard Walton Tully
Evenings at 8. Wed. and Sat., at 2.15.

PRINCES THEATRE. Nightly at 8.15.
GILBERT and SULLIVAN OPERAS.
"THE MIKADO."
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

QUEEN'S. Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Thurs. and Sats., 2.30.
"THE CINDERELLA MAN."
Owen Nares
Sydney Valentine. E. Holman Clark.
Renee Kelly.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL. KENSINGTON, W.
PERCY BURTON presents LOWELL THOMAS
in marvellous moving picture travelogue
"WITH ALLENBY IN PALESTINE & ARABIA"
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Evenings at 8.45. Mats., Tues., Fri. and Sats., at 2.30.

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will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of the Coupon Insurance Ticket:

£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway train, public omnibus, tramcar or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticket (or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger.

Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder.

£1,000 for the loss of Two Limbs by actual separation at or above the wrist or ankle, or

£500 for the Loss of One Limb as above defined.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions which are of the essence of the contract, viz.:—

1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.
2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.
3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his or her usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, so signed shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.
5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 10th day of November, 1919, until midnight of Wednesday, the 19th day of November, 1919.

This insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED ACT, 1890," except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Signature of holder.....

Bystander Comments

Bill Gawber Orates

"SEEIN' as the (torpid) Coalisshern 'as done me a bit o' good," remarked Bill Gawber, as he knocked out his pipe on the Duke of Shropshire's car that was standing outside the "Red Lion" on Borough Council duty, "I got nothin' much ter sye. Yer see, I was goin' over the odds and thinkin' o' Lloyd George, when I came acraus a 'orse called Brigand. Bile me! I sez, it's the strite tip, I sez, I'll put me money on the little (scorched) brigand from Wiles. An' 'e did it! at 25 ter 1, the little badger!"

"I'm sure Mr. Lloyd George would be delighted if he knew."

"Would he, the (rodent)? That alters it. I tell yer 'e gives me the fair sick. 'E ort ter be combed out, like the (tabbed) Starf."

"The Staff?"

Off With His Hat

"YUS! there ain't goin' to be no more brass 'ats a countin' the (blinking) sardines, an' polishin' their (fetid) eyeglass, an' gettin' the boudoir girls ter brush off the face powder as they left on them marshall shoulders while the missus was in the country. No, Clarence me lad, they got ter get orf the back o' the workin' man an' stop butterin' their (gory) bread with the sweat o' the poor. There ain't goin' ter be no more red 'ats a forgittin' cars at Slough, an' blue 'ats a losin' towels an' fifteen-inch shells, an' green 'ats a 'oldin' their (purple)jore so they mayn't expose the Intelligence. Peace, I sez, peace: 'ang the lot!"

Democracy

"YOUR vision of peace, Bill, is most moving. But I hope you'll let us keep a few brass hats for the next war. You know, they did come in useful, discovering zero (without raking in the stakes), getting three battalions to deploy where formerly there deployed but one, seeing that the planes went up and the iron rations went down. Leave us a few, Bill."

"Well, I'll consider it like. I ain't got no quarrel with yer aristercratic pals; I don't sye as we won't let 'em 'ave a job or two when the Polytechnic 'as 'ad a go. But mind yer, Clarence, it's only ter please yer, and 'cos Mrs. Gawber 'as a weakness like for yer cheddar-fice. You got ter make up yer (corroded) mind that this 'ere is Democracy, or, ter put it plain, 'old yer jore or 'ave it broke. We got the Borer Councils now, an' Lord Algy an' the 'Onourable Fitz can 'op orf the quarter-deck, same as on the *Queen Elizabeth*."

Anticipations

"BUT what has Queen Elizabeth . . . ?"

"'Old yer row and get eddicated. 'Aven't yer seen that Walter Long is gettin' the Admiralty ter tike commercials as passengers? My! this is a go! Commercials can't get a passage, an' so Long is goin' ter let 'em lay out their samples in the wardroom. Ar! that'll mike the nobs sit up! When the Capting shouts 'Avast! Ahoy! ship the binnacle!' an' e' can't be 'eard 'cos they're tryin' a cheap line o' grammerphones as mikes the dogs 'owl! An' the boys in blue'll be dancin' 'ornpipes among the sifety razors, or the sword dance, more likely. An' there'll be job lots o' fancy twill acrawss the bulwarks, an' a show o' shavin' soap an' soothing syrup (as used by the Treasury) in the sick bay, an' 'airpins, an' slops . . . my, it's like a dream, this 'ere Democracy, like a dream."

"Perhaps it is a dream, Bill. Come down to earth and have a pint of the usual."

"I don't mind if I do. Come in an' 'ave a mouthful with me, so long as it ain't over the gallon."

IL PENSEROSO AND L'ALLEGRO

THE MIDDLE-CLASS JOHN BULL: "Ah, my boy! *I* could do a bit of smiling, too, if I hadn't got a diminished and precarious income, high rates, a higher rent, lots of dilapidations and a 'full repairing lease'!" By E. T. REED

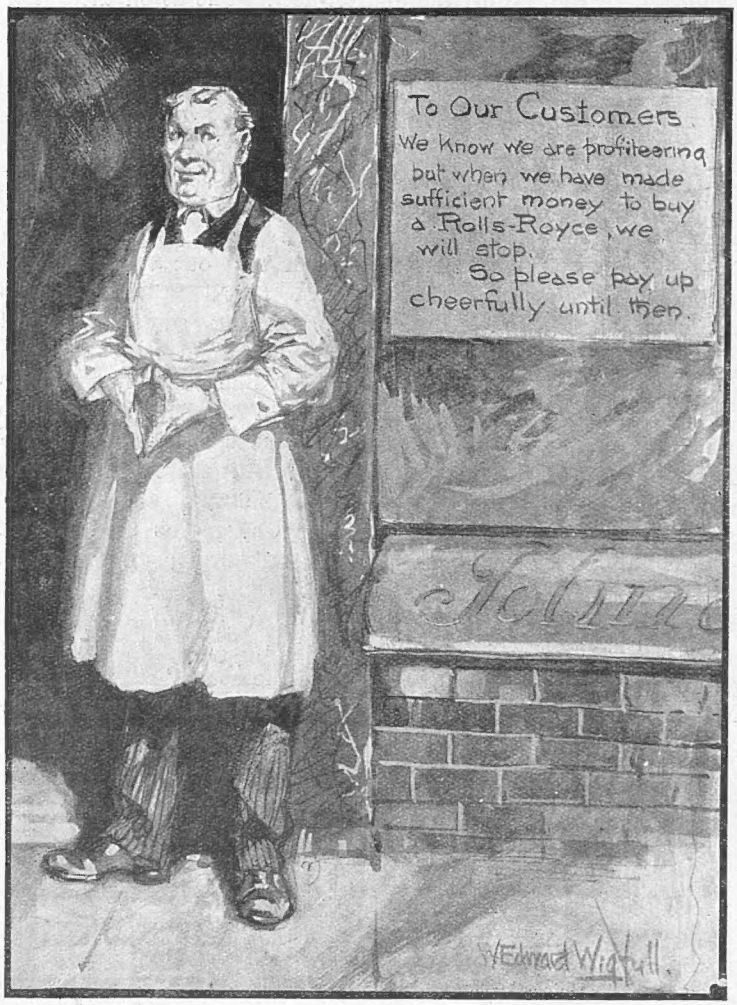
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Will a Peeress Come to Parliament?

If my Lady Viscountess Astor is returned to Parliament for Plymouth we shall have the singular fact of an American-born woman being the first female M.P.—the first female M.P., that is, to take her seat. For that very biassed lady, Countess Sienkiewicz (*née* Gore-Booth, and an Irishwoman, but now, I believe, Polish by marriage), was elected to Parliament, but never put in an appearance.

Deductions are rarely wise in matters political or feminine, because they generally turn out to be wrong, but if a mere man may form an opinion from Lady Astor's "heart-to-heart talks" in wooing the Plymouth constituency, I should prophesy that she will blow through the House of Commons—if she gets there—like the wind in Ezekiel's Valley. The spirit of prophesy is not sufficiently strong upon me even to hazard the suggestion that the blowing will have the effect it had in the Bible. Besides, one has seen very odd effects of the traditions of the House on even the most abounding temperaments!

What We May Expect—



—After the Latest "Underground" Advertising "Stunt"!

By W. E. Wigfull

"Wash It Out!"

At present Lady Astor would appear to have so little patience with tradition that she is reported to have directed someone who approached her with a "Your ladyship," to "wash it out." It sounds strange to our insular ears, and one cannot help wondering if her servants are likewise bidden "to wash it out" when they say "Yes, my lady," "No, my lady." There is a well-known case of a democratic countess who insisted on her servants calling all her children by their Christian names. And it was the servants who objected!

An Experiment for Landowners

There is no manner of doubt but that landowners are badly hit. The flood of sales all over the country prove it. The long and short of the matter is that estates cannot be kept up as in pre-War days unless you have a war-fortune or an industrial fortune behind you. Most country properties now have to be kept going out of capital, and "sporting estates," therefore, are no longer possible except for the capitalist.

A Suffolk Experiment

It is always a toss-up for the tenants and labourers when an estate changes hands—unless the tenants can buy. Lord Graham seems to have hit upon a happy mean with regard to his Suffolk estate at Wickham Market. He can't run it any longer as a "sporting estate," so he proposes to turn it into a farming concern on a profit-sharing basis with the workpeople. A good many landlords will watch the experiment. If it is successful it may set an example to people who are badly harassed just now by the necessity of selling, yet hesitate because of the people on their land.

Ducal of Ducal

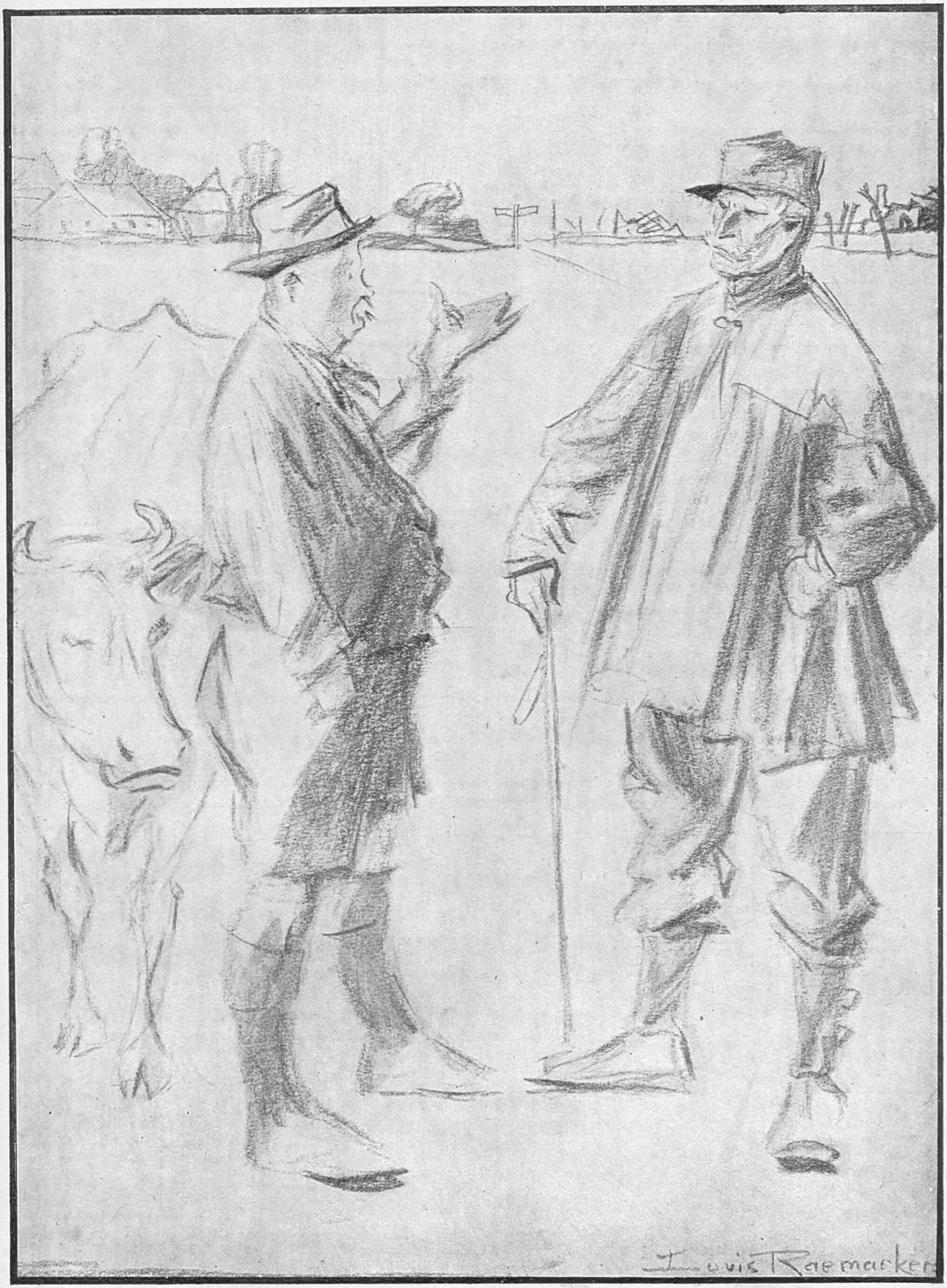
The experiment is all the more valuable because Lord Graham is a practical man, an engineer, a sailor, and several other useful things to the community beside. His marriage in 1906 was one of the most ducal that had happened for a long time. Himself heir to the Dukedom of Montrose, he married the daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, Lady Mary, who, in her turn, was ducal on both sides, her mother being a daughter of that dominating figure of Edwardian society, Louise, double Duchess of Manchester and Devonshire.

The War and the Population of Europe

The total figures of the numbers killed in the Allied Armies in the War, which has been officially published in Paris, was being discussed the other evening.

(*Continued on page 496*)

"Once a Boche—"



FRENCH FARMER: "I'm rebuilding my destroyed farm, and want the cows back you have stolen from me."

GERMAN FARMER: "Now, don't you be inhuman. My children want the milk, and yours are used by now to go without"

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

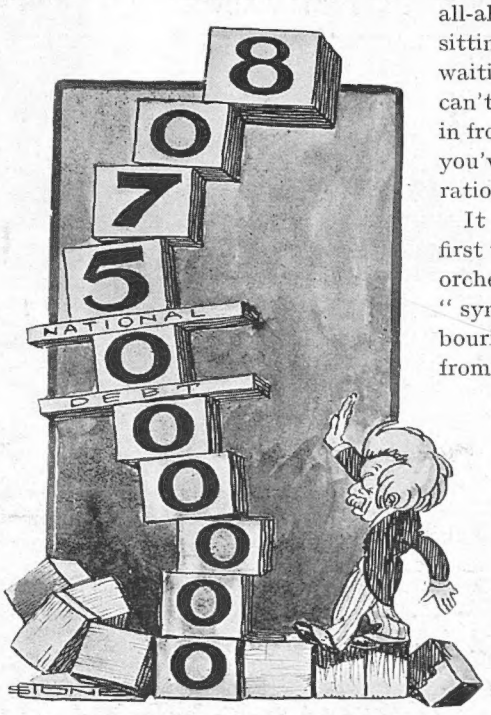
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

"If you could take a census of Europe now," said one of the party, "you would probably find that in spite of the three and a half million killed, the total population is not much less, if less at all, than it was in August, 1914."

Of course, everybody fell upon him, and he was told that although millions seem to count for nothing in national finance, they count for a good deal in the numbering of mankind.

"I said the *present* population of Europe," he explained. "My point is this. Three and a half million men have been killed in Europe, not counting Russia or Germany and her Allies. But for five years there has been no emigration from any European country, combatant or neutral. If you multiplied the average emigration figures for the whole of Europe for any one year before the War by five I think you would find they come to more than the number killed."

I'm not going to pour the figures over you, my children, that he poured over us, but the figures, at any rate, proved that he was right. These millions of men being swept away must make a considerable difference in the future, especially in France, where one man out of every twenty-seven inhabitants has been killed.



"Lloydie Georgie, Pudding and Pie,
Raised the Nation's debt so high
That when it all began to sway,
Georgie Porgie————?"
(Shur-r-rup!)
By Stone

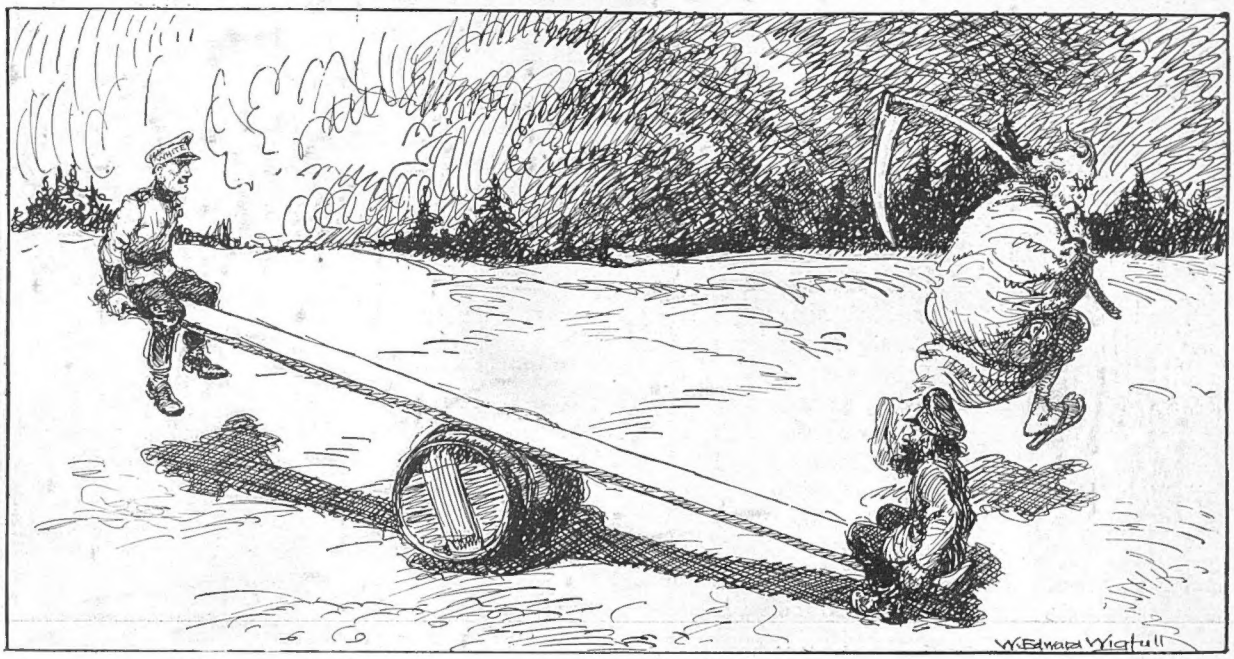
Dancing at Dinner

I wonder who was the restless spirit who invented this latest craze of jazzing in between the courses at dinner? My advice to the elderly who don't indulge in the jazz, or to the young who have not got cast-iron digestions, is not to accept invitations to dinners where it's done. A more doleful, chilly, all-alone-in-the-world feeling than sitting surrounded by empty places waiting for the next course you can't imagine. It's just like sitting in front of a yawning fireplace when you've burnt up all your coal ration.

It is a startling experience the first time. Suddenly the restaurant orchestra stops. A burst of "syncopated" comes from a neighbouring room, and couples leap up from the tables all round you, some of them beginning to dance even before they reach the ballroom door. When the jazz or trot is over they come swarming back: the orchestra starts again, the waiters rush hither and thither, then, hey presto! the same thing happens *da capo* and many times *da capo*.

How Is It Done?

Perhaps these strenuous folk don't get indigestion because of what they haven't time to eat. But it's an odd procedure. Then it *is* an odd world just now. But what is oddest to me is how those narrow strips of ribbon hold up the "top-hamper" of the very modern maiden in the evening time. I can't help thinking that in some cases the ribbon is a camouflage over steel wire. Otherwise——. Well!



PERPETUAL MOTION

Father Time: "Nothing doing yet, but I've just about had enough of this!"

By W. E. Wigfull

Princess Mary as a Girl Guide

Photograph *Photo Press*

Princess Mary was last week present at the Royal Albert Hall on the occasion of the Girl Guides' Peace Celebration. She is here seen with Sir Robert and Lady Baden Powell

Premium Bonds Again!

By "FITZWILLIAM"

PREMIUM BONDS are the sea serpent of finance. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer is in trouble, a fairly constant condition, the serpent rears its head above the uneasy water of the Treasury; it is doing so now, and the Chancellor declares that he doe not entirely object. What a revolution!

⁂ ⁂

FOR Premium Bonds, in Great Britain, are not so easy as they seem. They are as offensive to the few as they are delightful to the many. And the few make more noise than the many because they talk more. In regard to Premium Bonds, their favourite charge is one of gambling. Which is all very well, but a little hollow in a country where the newspapers who oppose these bonds print the advertisements of "turf accountants," *i.e.*, betting touts. To suggest that there is more gambling in buying a Premium Bond than in floating a play is merely idiotic, for in the case of the Premium Bond you get your money back, while in the case of a play . . . well, never mind.

⁂ ⁂

FROM the point of view of the Exchequer, the Premium Bond is extremely good business. It enables the community to borrow cheaply, for a man will sacrifice 1 per cent. interest for the chance of gaining a prize. We have evidence of this: the first Premium Bonds of the City of Paris bore 4 per cent. interest; a later issue was made at 3½ per cent.; towards the end of the last century, interest went down to 3 per cent.; then it fell to 2½ per cent., and I bought some of the last issue at 2 per cent. Of course, one must be reasonable in these things, and if it is true that the big French loan will carry prizes to be drawn every day, I think it will do great harm to the nerves of the population, for a large portion will live, as Mr. Kipling might put it, "from drawing to drawing, hot, uneasy, snatching."

⁂ ⁂

TO my mind the drawings should not exceed one a month, and the bonds should bear interest, say, 3 per cent. The people who talk of big prizes and no interest, are, I think, going too far; they are over-rating the sums that people can spare for pure speculation. Supposing a man of moderate means, say a thousand a year, has eight hundred pounds to spare. If you offer him Premium Bonds without interest, he will say, "It would be very nice to draw a prize, but my eight hundred pounds invested in the ordinary way would yield me forty pounds a year, and a man of my means cannot throw away that income." If, on the other hand, you offer him 3 per cent., he will tell himself that the sacrifice of sixteen pounds a year will not break him, and he will buy Premium Bonds. There is, of course, no objection to issuing a special loan week by week, in ten shilling tickets, redeemable in a certain time, and bearing no interest, but a big loan must pay reasonable interest. Otherwise, not only middle-class men, but trustees, insurance companies, trade unions, will refuse to touch it.

⁂ ⁂

LET us, therefore, assume a five hundred million loan for the purpose of washing out the Exchequer Bonds, and the National War Bonds which are due for payment between this date and 1923. If we assume 3 per cent. interest, I think it would be possible to set aside 1¼ per cent. for prizes. This means that the Government would not only be able to spread its liability over many years, but it would all the time be saving ¾ per cent., say, £3,750,000 a year. Also, if the Premium Bonds were made bonds to bearer and provided with coupons, we should avoid the cost of sending out interest by post twice a year.

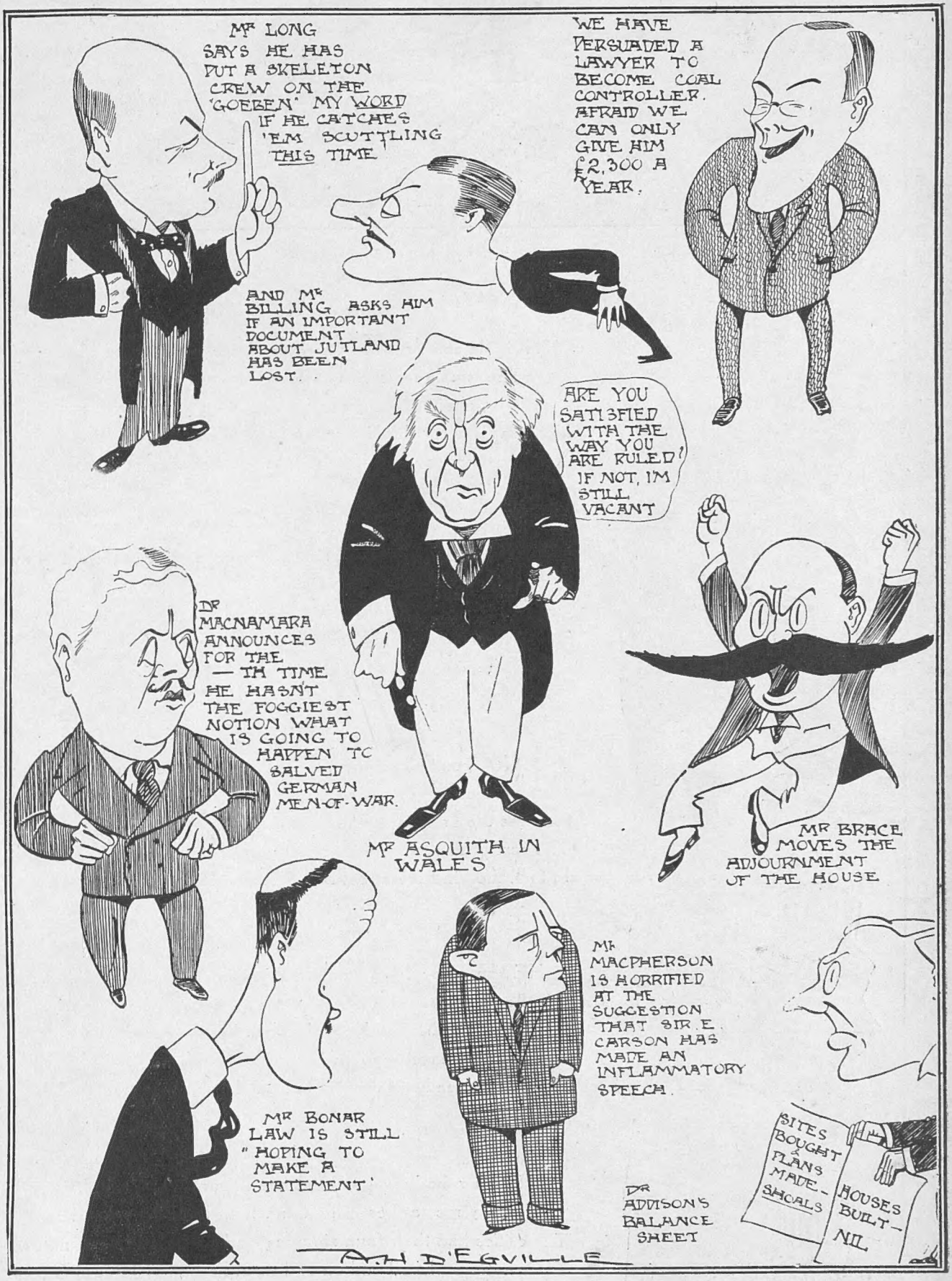
⁂ ⁂

TO which the public may say, "1¼ per cent. isn't much." It doesn't sound much, but if you look at it more closely you change your mind. On the loan I have assumed, 1¼ per cent. would enable us to distribute every year £6,250,000 in prizes. For instance, ten prizes of £100,000 each, fifty of £50,000 each, two hundred and fifty of £10,000 each, and five hundred of £5,000 each, and this is fairly attractive. Mrs. Grundy will oppose if she can, but she may be beaten this time. And I would whisper in her ear, "Mrs. Grundy . . don't you see that if they are bonds to bearer, you'll be able to go in, too, and nobody will know."

"I'D SOONER WALK!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

Political Personalities in Caricature



SOME IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

By A. H. D'EGVILLE

A Story of the Stage.

By Reginald Arkell.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED LEETE.

I.

THIS tale concerns the daughter of a Rector in the shires;
The sort of girl who doesn't knit, and doesn't sing in choirs.
Her bent was for the Drama, and the villagers would run
A mile—to get away "afore the parson's gal begun"!

II.

HER rendering of "Lasca" would have turned Fay Compton green;
One sympathised with Marie Löhr, and pitied Doris Keane.
She thrilled the simple curate with the magic of her art.
He said he longed to see her in an Iris Hoey part.

III.

MARK you! She wasn't dazzled with the glamour of the stage!
She was the greatest genius of this, or any Age.
The sort of super-Bernhardt that we dare not hope to see;
In fact, the kind of actress Sarah Siddons tried to be.

IV.

SHE ran away from home, of course — you wouldn't have her stay,
She owed it to her public, and it was the only way.
She met a manager who knew a genius at sight:
He took his leading lady off, and put her on that night.

V.

AND everybody was *so* kind, the theatre was packed.
They rose at her—she didn't faint until the second act.
The critics had their fountain pens, and scribbled lots of notes,
Their notices placed end on end would reach to John o' Groats.

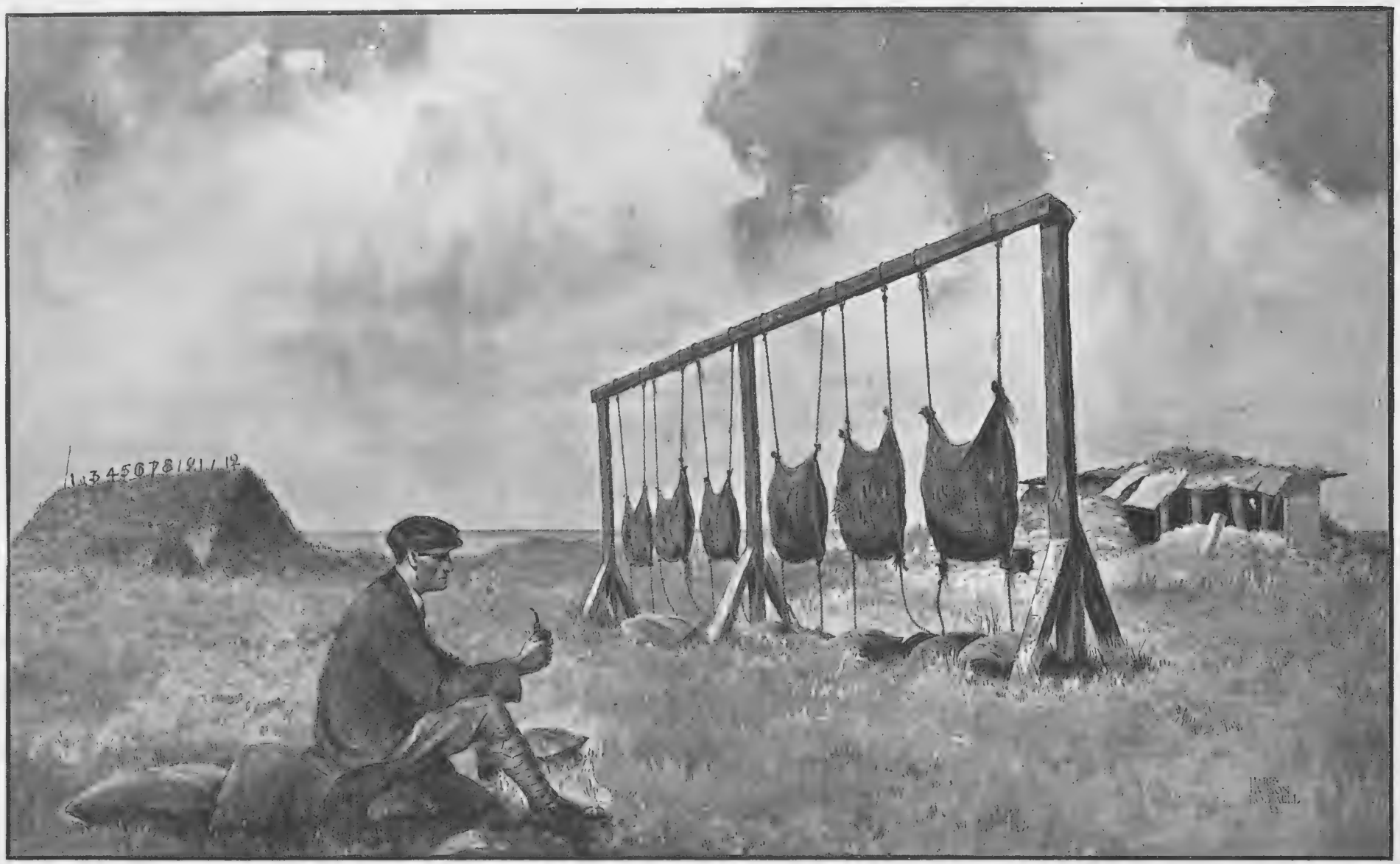
VI.

THE manager was on his knees—his heart too full to speak,
He handed a contract of a hundred pounds a week.
He gave her a tiara, and a dozen diamond rings.
But when she wouldn't marry him, he said such *horrid* things.

VII.

SHE was married to the hero, who had eyes of heavenly blue;
They went away and did the things that married people do.
But she woke up at the rectory—you should have seen her stare,
When she found she had been dreaming and her hero wasn't there.

"Memories"



THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1919

By H. H. RODMELL

No. III.—REGGIE ON DIVORCES

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

"It was packed with women"

I LOOKED up from the evening paper I was reading.

"Really you know, Reggie, it's extraordinary. What do you think of all these divorce cases?"

"My dear old thing," replied Reggie, "it's a matter that has been causing me much earnest thought. The number of 'em is positively astonishing. To read the daily Press nowadays makes a fellow feel that one half the world only has the vaguest idea how his better half lives.

"I always had a weakness for the unfair sex, and I thoroughly believe in marriage—for every other fellow. So anything I say about the little dears is uttered more in sorrow than in anger. But, 'pon my soul, I can't help feeling they're not what they used to be, just like dear old *Punch*. Of course, I was out of the country for quite a long time, and so I didn't have the privilege of watching their astonishing war development at close quarters.

"When I arrived home the young lady of to-day, with all her newly accumulated graces, fell on me with a crash. I shall never forget my feelings when I first stepped into a large and gilded West End tea-room. It was packed with women, and the only people who weren't smoking were the members of the orchestra. Half the young dears had cigarette holders a foot long. They blew smoke in each other's faces, struck matches on their boot heels, and called aloud for cocktails. I tell you, old Rip Van Winkle was a beardless juvenile compared to me and my emotions as I surveyed that dreadful scene for the first time. I turned sadly away, realising that I was the last of the Victorians, and that my race was run.

"'S far as I can make out the young lady of to-day is a pure revolutionary. Her motto is Liberty, Frivolity, Maternity—that is, of course, if her luck's dead out. She wants the best of this world, the half world and the next world, and doesn't even think she ought to be made to pay at the turnstile. She puts on a sweet smile, bless her, and concludes that disposes of the matter. In the old days she was content merely to steal our affections. Now she scrounges everything we've got, even unto our seats in Parliament and our precious whisky, and is constantly looking round for new fields to conquer.

"When President Wilson first sighted Europe from the deck of the *George A. Washington*, he looked down at the enthusiastic crowd of dagoes lined up on the beach, and turning to one of his bodyguard, said, 'Those, I presume, are the natives of these regions?' 'Yep, your Majesty,' was the reply. 'Then why are they are not wearing skins, or something?' the President enquired further. It was then explained to him that among the European tribes, especially since the Great War began, the females took all the furs and left the men to get on as best they could. And I assure you, my boy, the League of Nations for the freedom of the world is a pale and weedy conception compared to the league between the ladies and the drapers' shops for the enslavement of man.

"In a way, I suppose, all these divorce cases are by way of being a merciful dispensation of dear old Providence. During the War one used to wonder what on earth the newspapers would be able to print in order to keep their readers nice and cheery when the fighting was over. What would take the place of Armageddon, Flag Days, priceless old Belloc, and all the rest of it? And now we know. With our usual British good luck, divorces have come along to fill the breach. You may take up your newspaper at breakfast in the sure and certain knowledge that life will not prove to be an empty dream. There may be no shell scandals to read about, nor veracious accounts of how the Kaiser's hair grows whiter. But the story of the Petrified Bride is just as thrilling. Thus the nation is saved from that perilous reaction which so many of us feared.

"The women are still splendid, bless 'em. 'Pon my soul these Letters from Cheerfully Erring Wives to Stodgy and Unromantic Husbands leave the novelists standing. They're so delightfully calm and to the point. The way Old Adam is ticked off by tender and dewy Eve takes one's breath away with admiration. They usually begin: 'I have come to the conclusion that life with you is quite impossible.' And then warming up to the work, the lady continues: 'Consequently I have decided to free myself from your tiresome and rococo presence

I have discovered a MAN—a real one, who doesn't smoke a horrid pipe, and always has a lovely crease down his trousers. If you desire proofs take a taxi (or if you are just as mean as ever the Underground will do) to the Grand Panjandrum Hotel. There ask the head porter for his card index file of Romantic Runaways, mention my name, and he will hand you a scale plan giving you full instructions on how to reconstruct the crime. Take lift to second floor, first corridor on right, Room 23, with south aspect. If you can possibly spare the time for once from your wretched old business

"Married the daughter of a Government contractor, and, in short, went utterly to the dogs"

please hurry up and call on the King's Proctor, or whatever you have to do with this sort of thing. And please don't try to defend the action. If you do I shall tell the judge all about your sordid club life at the Senior Constitutional, and how on more than one occasion you stayed out till nearly midnight. I am now happy, and trust you are the same.'

"There's no guile in it all, you know. Bless 'em, it's merely their thirst for adventure and romance. The Best Sellers have a good deal to do with it. Those gifted young ladies who write five thousand words a day about Splendid Men fill the bookstalls with nice bright covers, but they also fill the Divorce Court with nice bright stories, where the covers are taken off. How can the average Man, with an office in the City, or some other equally depressing secret in life, hope to live up to such an ideal? The poor fellow's struggling to pay his income tax, and hasn't time to think out romantic surprises. Wifie does it for him.

"I knew a very sweet young thing who threw her bonnet over the windmills. 'George, you know,' she said, referring to her worthy husband, 'George is such a staid old party. Why last month he only took me out to dinner five times! He doesn't seem to think that women require a little change.' She found a friend who was willing to take her out to dinner every evening, and, of course, decided that he must be the Perfect Male. And so poor old George was scratched.

"He received one of those business-like letters to which I have already referred. There was never a man more surprised since the day when Adam asked the minimum price of apples. He'd always fondly imagined up to then that he was the fortunate possessor of a happy married wife. It threw him completely on his beam ends. He neglected his business; took a course of modern fiction; married an actress, who abandoned him; was divorced and severely admonished by the judge, who spoke of the extreme levity with which some people regarded the marriage bond; put all his spare cash in the Victory Loan; gave a perfectly good cheque for a Rolls-Royce; married the daughter of a Government contractor and, in short, went utterly to the dogs. He is now in Parliament."

"A sad case, Reggie."

"Yes, and he was a good fellow too, at heart. But I believe this third marriage is quite a happy one, in its own sordid way. In his wife's eyes he is a hero of romance. She read what the judge said to him in court, and loves him for his supposed murky past. If he'd only had time to work in another divorce I'm sure there wouldn't be the slightest need to fear for his future bliss.

"I remember we used to be told that all the world loves a lover. Seems to me that nowadays too many people aren't content with that, but decide to take one of their own. But what puzzles me is what becomes of 'em all? When the lady leaves the Mere Husband and finds happiness with the Romantic Lover, what becomes of the R.L. when he in turn becomes a Mere Husband? Does he continue to take the lady out to clandestine dinners every night? Does she insist on a constant round of hectic amusement, unalloyed by the slightest shadow of domestic peace and comfort? Does his golden halo depend entirely on his gay habits? Imagine the dreadful existence of the poor fellow, knowing that the moment he proposes to take off his dancing pumps and put on his carpet slippers his reputation will drop with a thud and he will be relegated to the category of Stodgy Husbands who want to stay at home instead of going out to Live the Life! And then

(*Continued on page 506*)

"In Case of Fire"—

—TELEPHONE AT ONCE JUPITER PLUVIUS, MOUNT OLYMPUS

THE INSURANCE MAN: "But what facilities have you for coping with a fire in your village?"
THE FARMER: "Well, it be a terrible showery place, like!"

By WILL OWEN

if one day he revolts, appears at breakfast with his hair unbrushed, and announces that he intends to stay in his pyjamas until lunch time—well, I ask you, how long will it be before he finds a letter on his dressing table beginning: 'This is to say that I have found happiness elsewhere. Life for me is nothing without Romance. I have gone away with the leader of a jazz band who would die rather than appear with his hair out of curl. . . . For further particulars, please apply at the Elysium Hotel' . . . No, poor fellow. There's many a Romantic Lover who has lived to regret the day he displaced a Mere Husband in his wife's affections."

"But the poor lady, Reggie? Does she *never* find permanent happiness?"

"Only on the movies, old thing. There the hero is always a hero. The Operator may catch him bending, but Romance never does."

STILL RISING

By Harry Woolley

"BIRDS"

BY HARFORD WORLOCK

Two little men went out one day,
Over the moors up Yorkshire way.
Each had a bag, and each a gun,
Didn't the hares and rabbits run?
They reached the butts in the peaty moss,
And watched for a covey to fly across,
Bang! went the guns, and a thud was heard,
For each little man had bagged his bird.

Two little men at close of day,
Back to the house pursued their way,
Where two little maids were at their post
Waiting to give them tea and toast.
Two to the library sauntered then,
Two went off to the smoker's den,
Bang! went the doors, and nobody stirred,
For each little man had bagged his bird.

Two little birds have each a house,
They're wee, but you never can hear a grouse,
They have flights to climb, and have done their best
To open out wings in their tiny nest.
And the two little men are just the same,
Though they can't afford to go shooting game:
Their guns are silent, but they don't care,
For each little man has bagged an "heir."

[*Musical rights reserved*]

Our Motor Supplement

With this issue is included our second illustrated motor supplement entitled "The Olympia Motor Show," by "Old Hy."

"THE BLACKLEG"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

"ASSOCIATE

IN COUNCIL"

BY WILMOT LUNT

TIGER ROSE at the SAVOY

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by HARRIS

MISS MARJORIE CAMPBELL is a great actress, and I shall hope to see her again soon in a play that is worthier of her genius than this. There are many well-drawn characters in the play, and they are all finely acted, but Tiger Rose easily dominates them all. She is the only one that really matters. It is some time since I have seen an emotional actress live her part so thoroughly and with so much distinction as Miss Campbell does here. The defect in the entertainment is that sufficient allowance has not been made for the traditional insularity (which I alas, share!) of a London audience. It is a tale of the "Great North-West," and though most of us may have dipped into the literature concerning those parts, we cannot be expected to be wildly enthusiastic about details of the country which doubtless have a significance of their own to our cousins on the other side.

FOR instance, the first two acts take place in the "Living Room at the Factor's House, Hudson Bay Post, Wutchi Wum on the Loon River, Alberta (five o'clock on a June morning)." If all this geographical and chronological precision is necessary to a full understanding of the story, the play handicaps itself from the start. Wutchi Wum, for instance, is new to me, though I have heard of Hitchy-Coo; and the Loon River is not marked on any map in my possession, though I have sought it with desperate diligence. The pathos of the thing is that the story is one that might have been geographically located anywhere. It is simply the fidelity of a woman fighting to shield her "man" who is a fugitive from

MARJORIE CAMPBELL

HECTOR McCOLLINS
J. NELSON RAMSAY

FATHER THIBAULT
WILLIAM LUGG

justice. To that extent it is a fine brisk story, and the pity of it is that it should have been located so far away when it might just as well have happened in the Old Kent Road.

THE Factor is a Scotsman (a perfectly credible detail), and his household in that lonely part consists of an Indian woman, named Wa-Wa, the squaw of a Siwash named Mak-a-Low, and Rose Bocion, the ward of Mr. McCollins, the Scotsman aforesaid. Rose is apparently of French-Canadian extraction. She speaks English with a decided accent, and always says "*Oui*" instead of "Yes." She is a wild, untamed girl of about eighteen, whose individuality is so clearly defined that she will admit no priest to her confidence, although the local ecclesiastic, Father Thibault, pleads with her gently at times against her materialistic outlook. But Rose believes chiefly in herself, and Miss Campbell contrives to stamp that side of her character on the play with a convincing emphasis. Another visitor to the post is Dr. Cusick, a middle-aged physician, who has strayed out there from Eastern civilisation in search of the man who ran away with Mrs. Cusick, and afterwards abandoned her. Dr. Cusick is, in fact, out to take a human life if the chance comes his way; and in the meantime he is balancing accounts by saving all the lives he can by his medical skill.

YET another visitor is Michael Devlin, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, a fine, up-standing, young man, as he need well be for the job he has in hand. Like most of the lads in the neighbourhood he haunts the post chiefly on the chance of getting an encouraging smile from Rose. But Rose is the kind of young woman who chooses for herself. We know nothing of her choice except that his name is Bruce Norton, and that she meets him, by a preconcerted signal between them, at the edge of the woods. One day, when Devlin is at the post, he is called to the telephone, and learns that a murder has been committed thereabouts, and that it is his duty to bring the man who did it to the gaol at Calgary. And while he is breaking the news to Rose, he gets the suspicion that Rose's choice, Bruce Norton, is the man he wants. Rose comes to the same conclusion after hearing the evidence, and though she is in no sense an accessory to the fact, the play henceforth resolves itself into a duel of wits between the police-officer and the girl who is

resolved to protect her "man" at all costs.

MICHAEL DEVLIN is something more than a mere mounted policeman. He is a kind of "Hawkshaw the Detective," who, it will be remembered, always turned up when least expected. Rose's great *coup* is made when she signals to Bruce to emerge from the woods at dusk, and to go along an underground passage that leads through a trap-door into the living room. Nobody knows of this passage, but Devlin finds out its existence, and he is on the spot soon enough to make the place an unhealthy one for Bruce. One drawback of the play is the sudden darkening of the stage during the most dramatic moments. As it is, it is not easy to follow the complicated story, and, when part of it is represented by cross-talk in the dark, its elucidation becomes more difficult still. Thus the escape of Bruce, by the way he came, is a very much involved performance, the only certain thing about it, in the gloom of its occurrence, is the fine exaltation of Tiger Rose that she has scored again.

THE third act is the most dramatic. Bruce has been directed to meet Rose and Dr. Cusick at the Deserted Cabin at eight p.m. No one knows of the place but Rose. Bruce admits that he is the murderer who is so badly wanted, but the man he killed is the scoundrel who ran away with his sister and left her to perish. And as it then transpires that Bruce's sister was Dr. Cusick's

wife, a sort of family feeling creeps up between the two men. About this time Michael Devlin is on the spot again. He emerges from a heap of dead leaves, and calls for hands up. He explains in a genial way that he has lain there since three o'clock on the previous afternoon, and is consequently a bit cramped about the legs, but otherwise he is still sufficiently fit to be able to shoot enough lead into a fellow creature to make him feel extremely unwell. The scene is enacted by the flickering light of a small candle, which was all the illumination the party had dared to venture upon.

A MOMENT later Rose, with admirable forethought, kicks the candle over, and the old problem of the whereabouts of Moses when the light went out, comes before us in all its force. Scuffling and shouting take place on the darkened stage, but the pleasure of being able to watch the scrap is denied to us. When the lights go up, Dr. Cusick is lying hurt on the ground, though for all we have been permitted to know to the contrary, something might have got up in the dark and bitten him. The chief thing about the end of the scuffle is that Rose has managed to secure Devlin's revolver, and to give him a warning shout to throw up his hands. Devlin obeys instantly, for there is no doubt that Rose is now in the mood to shoot anyone who tries to take her "man" from her. She sits with her back to the door, covering the policeman with her revolver until she is sure that Bruce has got a good start towards the distant perspective. Then the reaction comes, and she throws Devlin his revolver, and breaks out into a nice fit of politely suppressed hysterics. It is a fine piece of work, more remarkable for its high quality than anything I have seen for quite a long time, and Miss Campbell is to be congratulated accordingly. In a play of greater coherence and less complicated geographical surroundings, her success in London will be easily assured. JINGLE.

Photograph *Stage Photo Co*

THE STRIKING SCENE ENTITLED "PHILOMELA" IN "BRAN PIE" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE

Stars in the Ascendant: No. I. of a New Series

MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN

Miss Bannerman was "discovered" some four years ago in the Adelphi Chorus by Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard, and given a small part in "Under Cover" at the Strand Theatre. Later on she was selected for a principal part in "Yes, Uncle," at the Prince of Wales. After playing the lead in "Be Careful Baby" at the Apollo and in "Buzz Buzz" at the Vaudeville, she is now playing in "Three Wise Fools" at the Comedy

BY HIGGINS

The Pit or

IMPOSITION

the Pendulum

OR INQUISITION

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Cold Englishman is Colder than Ever

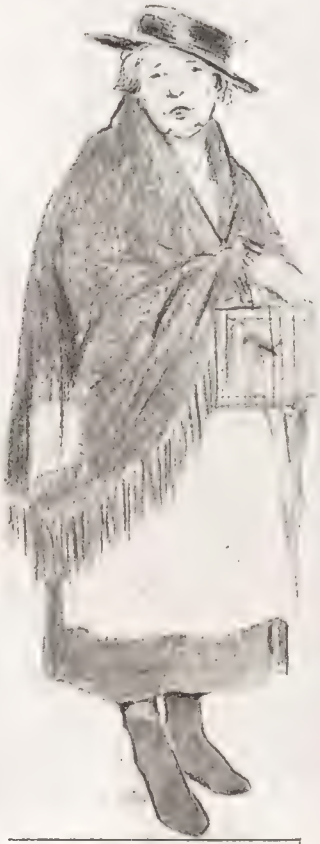
IN THE EYES OF OUR FRENCH ARTIST IN LONDON'S THEATRES

Miss Viola Tree fails to obtain the smallest favour from Mr. Gerald du Maurier in "The Choice," and has literally to "snatch" a kiss from Mr. Quartermaine

Mr. George Robey hates being laughed at, especially by the ladies of the Hippodrome audience

Miss Marie Löhr, in spite of sighs and cries, sobs and tears, "gets no change," so to speak, from Mr. Arthur Wontner in "The Voice from the Minaret"

Under the pretence that "he loves another" Mr. Welshman, although taking the part of "Don Juan," and presumably possessing the fiery Spanish temperament that is always supposed to belong to the character, successfully resists all the advances of the charming Delysia in "Afgar"



Miss Marie Lloyd, left "with the bird" by her good man, mourns the good old days of long ago.

The opinions expressed above are, of course, entirely those of our artist. On page 519 will be found the complement to this one, being the impressions of Miss Helen McKie at the Casino de Paris

SKETCHES BY MARCEL PONCIN

The BYSTANDER OVERSEAS

IN PARIS: "GAY DAYS—AND NIGHTS."

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

IT all begins again so fast the life of the world of Paris. *Monsieur le Prefet* has allowed that the cafés shall open themselves till one o'clock of the morning, and on the days of the great fêtes they need not ever shut themselves at all. But there has been at first so funny a thing. Every one has become so good in the War to stay at home and to go to bed early that the patrons have complained how they had no clients, and have wished to save their costs and have again the old hours of the War.

BUT I do not think that it will be for long that the midnight will be a quiet hour. Already it is that our dances of the afternoon prolong themselves to become the evening parties after dinner, and one becomes accustomed to make much later the hour of bed so that in the morning there are the dark places under the eyes.

AND there have been our great fêtes that have begun to make also a gay life for everyone. There has been the consecration of the great church of Montmartre, which everyone knows because it looks like the palace of a great Sultan in an Eastern city. Everyone has gone to see even if they have not been good Catholics, but it has been for one thing disappointing that there were so many Cardinaux and bishops in their beautiful robes, and priests of every kind that no one has succeeded to see very much. But we have burned our candles because it has been the victory, and gone to dance in one of the *salles* of the Champs-Élysées.

"We have burned our candles"

AND there has been our great fête when Monsieur le Président has presented to our city the Croix de Guerre, and all of us, who have not run away in the time when the Bertha and the Gothas have bombarded us, have felt how we were very brave, and have been jealous that those who have run away should share with us the honour, and that there have been so many who have been just as brave as us to stay.

"In the morning there are the dark places under the eyes"

THERE is still that we have not enough coal and everything is of a dearness abominable, but everyone begins again to have the spirit of before the War to make the life full of gay days. There are so many new restaurants that open themselves that one has difficulty to decide where one will dine, and there are so many beautiful places to dance that there is one for every day, and sometimes one will go to two in the same day because then one has not the necessity to change one's frock. And every day there are the new exhibitions of pictures, and the new spectacles and the new concerts and the lectures, so that one works hard to see everything of the life that begins.

AND it is in the streets that one sees most how the time is changed

since last year of the time of the armistice. One begins again to have the fear never to return when one goes out because one will be destroyed by the taxi-autos and

"When the ladies make their promenade with so little skirts"

the 'buses and the great limousines that go so fast. It is already twice that Lucile and I have been in a collision, and one day we have had to go to make a long witness to the police that it has not been the fault of our chauffeur that he has *tamponné* another taxi-auto. But the other chauffeur has been of an equal vehemence, and so the magistrate has judged that both shall pay a forfeit and so they have both been content.

ONE cannot pass any more on foot in the Champs-Élysées and the Concorde when there is the hour of the movement, and everyone returns from the racing at Longchamp. Oh, yes, it is the true Paris once more, and the gay life of so much energy.

AND there is so great a change too. One finds how it is at dances. Before the War it has been that our young men have made their conversation always the same to talk the nonsense and to flirt, but now it is always of the sport that they talk. Old Madame de Bellena has made to me a complaint of that. "Since the War," she has said, "it is not any more that our *jeunesse* has any interest to discuss the things intellectual. It is all of the muscle that they talk, of the tennis and the golf and the football and the box. There has been yesterday that my two nephews are come to dine, and they have talked all the time of two men, Carpentier and Beckett or some such name, and have laughed when I have asked if they were in the army or the politics."

AND there are the old men like my uncle who complain also very much that every thing changes itself. "The life is very dull in your age *ma petite*," he has said, when I have gone one day to visit him. "See how they abolish everything of the old life. Even the *pantalon rouge* of the cavalry, it is not sacred to *ces republicains*. It is an age of the machines and the vulgarity. There is not anything spiritual that is left. *Ma chère*, I do not make a criticism, but when the ladies make their promenade with so little skirts, the life looses its illusion."

BUT it is all a nonsense the grumblings of these old people. For me, I do not find the life at all dull when one dances every day, and it is not less amusing to have the conversation of the sport than it has been in the time of my uncle when the men have run away from the *salons* to make their little supper with the girls in the *cabaret*, because they have found that it has been dull to talk with the so proper *jeunes filles* in their crinolines.

PERHAPS it will be that the young men will tire themselves too of the modern girls, but we are for that quite prepared and then we will have a new fashion to be so quiet and to have the virtues of our grandmothers. But just now there is a thing that is extraordinary in our life of Paris, which I have myself seen that one finds at the dances of the hotels, and the theatres which have the great balls, that our Frenchmen have the new fashion to bring their own wives and to dance with them. It is more a revolution than to abolish the *pantalon rouge*.

Your friend,

AGNÈS.

(Continued on page 530)

"Their little supper with the girls in the cabaret"

Sketches at the Casino de Paris

A FRENCH REVUE IN THE EYES OF AN ENGLISH ARTIST

These sketches were made by Miss Helen McKie at the revue "Tout Feu Tout Flamme," and form an excellent contrast to those made in London theatres by M. Marcel Poncin, which will be found on page 516

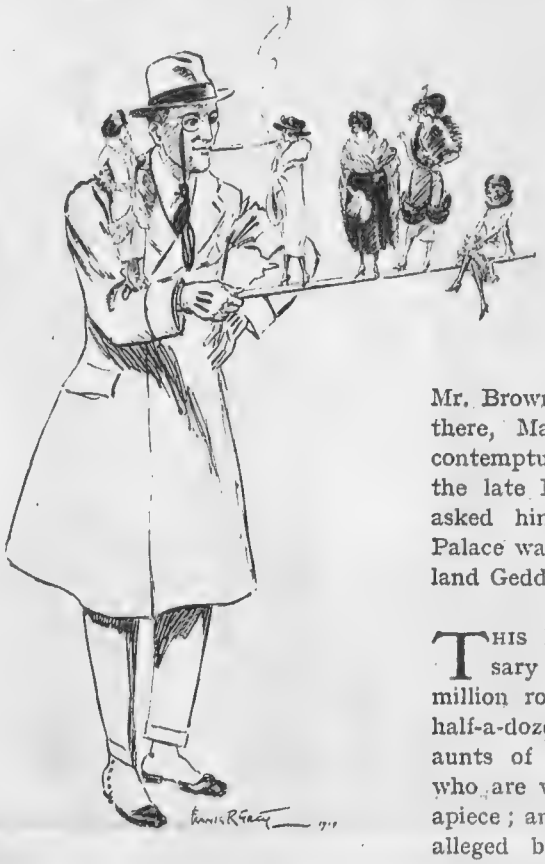
By HELEN McKIE

Proletarian Plutocrats

BY THE CONTINENTAL BYSTANDER

BEING a Bolshevic magnate's wife, mother, daughter, son, sister, brother, ninth cousin, or even mother-in-law, will soon be the only lucrative profession left on the hard-up Continong. Neutral lands teem with these mild Proletarian millionairelets, Bolshies by consanguinity, who are the only class of Muscovites in the bad, sad world that lives a tolerably plutocratic life. They tenant the best hotels, purchase the best drinks, best theatre seats, and best (that means worst) sweethearts; they glow with diamonds, emanate in emeralds, and scintillate in—scents. They are the new aristocracy.

NATURALLY some wise Bolshies stay in Stepmother Russia, and become Commissaries. Only if they become Commissaries can they send their cash, wives, children and rich poor relations to kindly neutral climes. First of these happy exiles was Madame Trotsky, wife of the coruscating Bronstein of Bronx, New York, who trotted into Stockholm with a cool four million roublekins, this at a time when each roublekin was worth a decent tenpence. But the most decorative Bolshevic in neutral climes to-day is Madame Leonid Krasin. Modest Krasin himself—Minister of Railways, Industrial Organiser-General, ex-Siemens-Schuckert Director—occupies the "Grand Ducal Suite" in the Kremlin Grand Palace; and Madame K. leads the millionaire Bolshie aristocracy of smart Stockholm.



A "Bird" Fancier

IN Copenhagen until lately, and now, I believe, in hospitable Helsingfors, is Madame Olga Poliakoff, millionaire kinswoman of Zinovieff, alias Apfelbaum, the magnate who bosses happy Petrograd and the neighbouring Northern Commune. For six delirious months Madame Olga made homely Scandinavia dazzle. Never before did Proletariat so outshine Plutocracy. Seventeen rooms in the Angleterre Hotel sheltered her; nine maids dressed, undressed, bathed, sewed, curled, scented, powdered, mani—and pedi—cured her; and she imported the famous singer, Sven Scholander, from Stockholm to enliven her hours of tedium. Once the Continental Bystander, seeking a mere American horse-dealer, plunged by error into one of Olga's seventeen rooms; and on his explaining that he thought his friend, Mr. Brown, of Jacksonville, lived there, Madame Olga looked as contemptuously shocked as might the late Nicholas II if you had asked him whether the Winter Palace was the home of Sir Auckland Geddes.

THIS kinswoman of Commissary Zinovieff possessed three million roubles. In Norway are half-a-dozen brothers, sisters, and aunts of other leading Bolshies, who are worth at least a million apiece; and in Copenhagen are an alleged brother of Trotsky, an alleged wife of Rykoff, the boss of the great Soviet Nationalisation apparatus, and a youthful, very slim, high-nosed, and well-mannered citizen who obtained his millions through kinship with Commissary of Education Lunatcharsky. Lunatcharsky is the official art enthusiast who has decked the Kremlin glacis with statues of Robespierre, Jaurès, and—Mr. Smillie. His slim kinsman, and, indeed, all the Bolshie aristocracy in exile, take care to explain that *they* are not militant Bolshevics. Bolshevism, they say, is all right as a profession for the toiling, moiling heads of the dynasty at Moscow; but the exiled Proletariat Bolshie's sacramental ambition is to become a tedious, high-living, low-thinking, good-time-having aristocrat.

SOME of the Bolshie millionaires are beginning to be hard-up. For a year past it has been hard to smuggle roublekins out of well-isolated Russia. As long as the neutral Legations were at Petrograd it was easy; because neutral Legations (as two spicy scandals in Stockholm and Christiania testify) smuggled out cash wholesale for themselves. They also did it for hall-marked Russian aristocrats, but refused to do it for unsavoury Bolshies, so the Bolshies bribed or cajoled aristocrats to use their influence with the Legations, and so get the roublekins out. The Continental Bystander knows an Ukrainian princess who tells this tale. Lenin's cousin, Dziedudoff came to her in Petrograd, and asked her to arrange with a certain Legation for the smuggling out of 5,000,000 roublekins which were to be paid to Dziedudoff's nephew in Berne. The Princess agreed. But she unkindly instructed the Legation to pay the roublekins to her own sister in Copenhagen. And she fled abroad. She now inhabits a historic Danish *château* in Fuenen. Asked by the Continental Bystander whether it wasn't rather sharp practice, she explained that Bolshies had stolen from her an estate worth 10,000,000 roubles, and all she had done was to get half of her money back. And she grinned—as only Ukrainian princesses grin.

The Very "Juice"!—Our Pussyfoot Lemon-Age

Wherein most of us are finding it a trifle difficult to carry on—even the stump-orator on "direct action" finds that his words "melt in his mouth." And if anybody wants any fuller explanation of this pictorial allegory—the answer's a well-known fruit!

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"Dry" Humour

"WOT CHEER, PUSSYFOOT!"

By ALFRED LEETE

"Only twelve minutes to curtain, Sir, for Gawd's sake 'urry"

Behind the Lights.

By Dell Leigh.

Illustrated by Mac Michael.

THE great Comedian leaned on the tablecloth and dug viciously into the salt.

"I'm very near the end, old man," he said, and frowned again.

Marsh regarded him affectionately.

"Women are queer," continued Marsh, picking up the threads of conversation broken by the waiter, "but I believe she's fond of you, all the same. You see, you've got three kids, that makes all the difference to a woman."

"Doesn't seem to," responded Layton Fane, sadly. "I only see 'em now on occasional week-ends, and then they come into the room in the middle of one of our regular *fracas*, and look at me as if I was a villain unhung—I'm usually swearing at the time. I s'pose that's why." A wry smile passed across his mouth. "Did you come up this morning?" They were old friends and neighbours at Frampton-on-Sea. Marsh nodded.

"Yes; that girl of yours will be some proposition in a few years' time, make no mistake. This morning she . . ." He paused, seeing the pained look on the other's face.

"I know," said Fane. "All three girls have inherited some of the mummer's art, or whatever you like to call it. The whole thing between Betty and me is so *petty*. She's got everything she wants—money, children, fame (and women like that), a freehold home of her own, and a husband who's—well, I am fond of her still, y'know, although I am getting very fed up. . . 'Course I know I'm difficult at times, specially during rehearsals, but on the whole I flatter myself I. . . . Oh, let's get out of this infernal place, come on." He signed the bill and rose. And half a hundred people nudged each other and said, "There's Layton Fane," at the same time breaking the Tenth Commandment.

As they drew towards the shadow of the theatre the Comedian evidently felt the atmosphere for a moment, for he said, "It's affecting my numbers, too, ol' man. I can't get that punch into some of 'em that they need. Peach of a show, too; and I shall ruin it."

Marsh smiled as he reflected on the enormous business being done at the Pantheon, and of the enthusiastic public who shook the house with applause nightly for their idol, Layton Fane. The last time he had seen the show some medical students in the gallery had instituted a battle-cry of eulogy, "Lay—lay—lay—to—o—on," and the business manager, sweating on the O.P. side, had lit another corona with oily satisfaction on his face.

As they turned into the alley to the stage-door the doorkeeper came running towards them.

"Only twelve minutes to curtain, sir; for Gawd's *sake* 'urry." He looked appealingly at the great man. A flash of Fane's inimitable humour broke through the deep depression.

"I'm not playing this afternoon," he said, with a perfectly straight face. "If anyone calls round say I've gone to see *Eastward Ho*, will you? Any letters for me?"

"Not *playin'*, sir, not——. It's a wonderful 'ouse, turned away scores. Not *playin'*, why. . . ."

Fane chuckled. "Getting very fat in your old age, Mike, that's your trouble." He dug him playfully on a waistcoat button, and passed through the swing doors with Marsh.

His dresser beamed and got busy. Marsh noticed, during the next three minutes, that both the business and acting manager and the second lead looked anxiously round the open door of the dressing-room, and also beamed and whisked away.

Fane, oblivious of the fleeting minutes, stood beneath the blaze of his lights, undressing with exasperating slowness, while he rummaged absently with a pile of letters propped against the make-up box.

"Look at all these, Ben; damn 'em, why can't they leave me alone? Read 'em, they make me tired."

Ben Marsh had read many such in this dressing-room.

He tore open one or two carelessly, while Fane's dresser hovered imploringly round his master.

They were nearly all from women who were sitting, would be, or had sat in Stall 5, Row B, and would awfully like, etc., etc. Most of the paper was scented.

"*Pouf!* Open the window, Jimmy. 'Nough to knock you down, this patchouli and chypre is—filthy!"

"Well? Same old how-do-you-

(*All rights strictly reserved.*)

"BEHIND THE LIGHTS" (*continued*)

do-and-kiss-me-quick, I suppose ?" he said, rubbing ground work on to his face.

A call-boy in the distance shouted, "Curtains' up, Mr. Fane, please."

Jimmy the dresser snicked clothes on to him here and there, and drew on stockings with a turn of the wrist.

The atmosphere of the room had become galvanised into silent but amazingly rapid movement.

Marsh read on.

"Loved me from a child, I suppose, haven't they ?" He dabbed his neck with powder. "May they offer me a little dinner at their flat on Sunday ? They will be quite alone—eh ?"

"Ye-e-es," replied Marsh, "that's the kind of stuff. Lor', I thought women were modest, too. Seems they're not, some of 'em. Here's one woman writes, rather amusin', she says : "You're a poor actor *really*, you're very plain off the stage, and I expect you live at Kennington with a large family—but you make me laugh, consequently I want to meet you, etc."

The figure at the table had drooped again listlessly, and Jimmy the dresser frowned angrily, with an eye on the clock.

"Mr. Fane, *ple-e-ease*," shouted the advancing call-boy.

"She's original, anyhow," he said, quietly. "Show me the letter.

He read it through.

"Now, *that's* the kind of woman I shall one day get into a mess with, old son. She's dam' rude. But that's why I like her." He gave a last searching look at himself in a long glass.

"Ye-es, I shall get into a mess, I'm certain of it."

He tapped his friend a farewell with his cane and sped towards the stage, his face a mask of apathy.

. . .

Ben Marsh, smoking an after-breakfast pipe on the front at Frampton, saw little Delphine Fane running towards him, and waved a welcome.

"Come and play wiv us," she pleaded, clasping his legs.

"Where's mummie, Delph ?" He swung her up and kissed her.

"Mum's welly closs s' mornin'," responded the five-year-old affinity of Fane. "She's sewin' in the garden. Come on, Benky dear."

The Comedian's wife on the lawn nodded cheerily to Marsh as he was dragged towards the swing in the orchard.

"For goodness sake, Ben, go and keep those girls quiet ; they're making enough noise to wake the dead, and I can't cope with them this morning." Her voice was tired.

"All right, old lady—see you presently," and he became engulfed in a wave of small children.

Later he returned to the trees on the lawn, wiping his forehead.

"What's the news from the gay world, Ben ?" Her fingers were busy with a woollen jumper for Dacia, the eldest.

He related all the mundane news that occurred to him.

"Autumn shows any good ?" she asked listlessly. "Fred Farrar tells me the bookings are enormous for *White Wings*. Seen it ?"

"No. Wonderful house Layton had last night again."

She dropped a stitch, and said, "R-eally ?" coldly

He filled a pipe with grave deliberation.

"Yes," he continued. "Bryan says they'll run well into next year—if Layton lasts."

"Lasts ?" She had turned to a huge workbasket on the grass.

"He's very seedy. Eight numbers a night, you know, and two matinées."

"But he's used to that ; hard as nails, he is, Ben. It's probably indigestion." She yawned as she unknotted a skein of wool.

Ben watched her carefully from beneath a tilted straw hat.

"Yes ; that's nothing, I suppose," he said, carelessly, "besides, he's taking a holiday next month."

"Where is he going ?" The enquiry was conventional merely, and seemed to lack interest.

"Dunno. Paris, I believe. I wish to heaven, Mabel, that Mason woman would leave him alone ; she's horribly attractive, and seems crazy about him—er—I'm not being indiscreet, I hope." He leaned forward anxiously.

"My dear boy," she laughed harshly, and turned her head to the basket again. "Layton does what he likes—always has, you know. Who is the Mason woman ?"

"The beautiful Celia Mason. Oh ! don't you know ? The African millionaire's widow. She pesters him with invitations, poor old bean, and he seems likely to accept 'em, I'm thinking—says, with one of his priceless shrugs, 'What's the odds so long as you're lonely'—or something of that sort. Well, I must push off, Mabel—playin' golf with Strode."

He rose, hoping he had sown good seed. After he had gone the Comedian's wife sat quite still on the lawn, her hands idle in her lap, listening to the distant shouts of her children—and thinking. Paris—seedy—the infernally attractive Celia Mason—what's the odds so long as you're lonely. If Marsh had come back to the lawn again he would have seen tears in two pretty eyes. And it is regrettable to have to record that he would have been glad.

. . .

It was the five-hundredth performance of *The Wangle Birds*, and Jimmy the Dresser had secreted three small bottles of Guinness under the sofa in honour.

There had been the suspicion of a crumple on a dress-suit of his master's at the matinée that afternoon, and, as Jimmy had explained in grieved tones to Mrs. Porter outside the leading lady's room, "'e 'ad carried on somethink crool."

The house was taut with expectation. Some members of the orchestra had even put in new strings, and everyone behind was as pleased as Punch.

The Comedian, looking tired out, suffered himself to be dressed without a word of response to the enthusiastic Jimmy's monologue.

During the long wait he lay stretched upon the sofa, an unlighted cigarette drooping from his fingers. Jimmy, the Guinness being now out of reach, withdrew to the glass of a friendly dresser next door. And while he was gone Mrs. Fane walked quietly in.

Fane raised his head, and said sharply, "Are they ill ? Which one ?"

"No, dear," his wife replied, sitting down facing him. Fane started slightly at the unfamiliar word, and stared coldly.

"What do you want ? Why do you come here ? I'm at work—you know that, Mabel."

(*Continued on page 526*)

ON MAKING MORE MONEY

By GEORGE HENRY.

I have always been reluctant to approach the subject of Pelmanism from the money-making point of view.

It has ever seemed to me that the intellectual, educational, and social benefits of the System greatly transcend in value the financial benefit to the student—direct and definite as the latter undoubtedly is.

Two facts have combined to urge my thoughts to the consideration of Pelmanism as a money-making factor. The first is to-day's undoubted need for an increase in individual prosperity. The cost of living has arrived at an appalling figure. The prosperous man of pre-war days has become the needy person of to-day. It is no use to rail at conditions, neither does it serve any useful purpose to groan about the burden of high prices. Apparently conditions preclude the lightening of the load, so that the wise thing to do is to *increase the earning capacity of the bearer of the burden.*

Prosperity after all is not a base ideal for which to battle, because in this workaday world of ours it is the golden key which opens the door to most of the good things in Life. It is possible to be a happy philosopher with empty pockets, but if the pockets are full the philosopher need be none the less happy.

SOARING INCOMES.

The second fact that has forced itself upon my consciousness is the extraordinarily consistent way in which Pelmanism does send the incomes of its students soaring. To look through the daily post of the Pelman Institute is an eye-opening experience in this respect. The very repetition of letters from students reporting increases in salary and profits achieved as a direct result of Pelmanising becomes almost monotonous.

"My salary has increased by 200 per cent.," says one writer. "I have gained a 150 per cent. increase in my income," says another. A third reports promotion to managership, carrying with it an increase of 100 per cent. A further letter, an enthusiastic eulogy of Pelmanism, tells of a 400 per cent. increase in salary, and encloses a graph drawn strictly to scale showing how the salary began to increase soon after the commencement of this Course, increased rapidly and largely during the Course, and continued to increase at the same rate after the Course.

In the face of such testimony as this, and bearing in mind that prosperity is vital to the nation, and the individual, I cannot forbear to impress upon my readers the immediate and far-reaching effect of the study of Pelmanism upon the income-earning power of the student.

I know the effect is immediate, because in my own case the very first lesson in Pelmanism resulted in an idea which more than paid for the whole of the Course. And I find that such is the inspiring effect of Pelmanism from the very commencement that my own experience is a general one. Of course there is no magic about this power of Pelmanism to bring monetary rewards to its students. The simple fact is that the man who goes conscientiously through the Course finds that his mind quickly becomes a more efficient instrument, and whether a man be in industry, profession, or business, mental efficiency is always reflected in the pay roll, the salary list or pass book.

Moving in a circle largely of business men, I find employers constantly lamenting the fact that the lieutenants of commerce are hard to come by. Said one head of a big concern to me the other day, "Do you know, if I advertise for a clerk at £2 a week, I'm deluged with enquiries, but if I insert an advertisement asking for an organiser at £1,000 a year, the resulting replies are negligible." Therein lies the reason why the Pelmanist is making himself felt throughout industry and commerce. *The higher up the ladder the more room on the rung.* The Pelmanist possesses perhaps no more technical knowledge than the non-Pelmanist, but he gets the promotion or the better position with a big increase of salary because of the extra efficiency, the extra force of character, the extra self-confidence, and the extra initiative and originality which a Course of Pelmanism unfailingly, and even at the very outset, imparts.

In considering this last statement I would ask the reader to bear in mind that it is supported by the best of all evidence, that is, personal testimony of students.

Before I began to write this article I gave instructions for eight letters to be picked at random from this morning's mail. They have just been handed to me. Six of them are letters of testimony. I append part of their contents.

A Nurseryman writes :

"Since taking up the Pelman Course I have had much more resource, stronger will-power, more efficient concentration, a more clearly defined purpose in Life, and an altogether more efficient memory to *which must be added* 100 *per cent. increase in salary.*"

A Clerk writes :

"I have derived considerable benefit from the Pelman Course—its most valuable lesson to me being the formation of a definite object to work for. It may interest you to know that *my salary has increased by nearly* 70 *per cent.*"

A Salesman writes :

"The Course has certainly made a new man of me. *My salary has increased* 40 *per cent.* since completing the instruction. My work always seems to be a pleasure to me, and I do it better and more quickly."

A Sales-Manager writes :

"Since taking the Course I am pleased to be able to say that I have secured a position as Sales-Manager at *an increase of over* 50 *per cent. in salary.*"

A Colliery Deputy writes :

"An investment in your Course is like borrowing money from your banker, making an interest of 100 per cent., and paying him 5 per cent. of the amount.

"Since taking the Course *I have had my wages increased by* 50 *per cent.*"

An Assistant Master writes :

"The benefit I derived from your Course is wonderful. My employers have *advanced my wages almost* 100 *per cent. since April last.*"

The above letters are to the huge volume of testimony on Pelmanism as a bucket of water is to a river.

The evidence in the shape of written acknowledgment of the benefits of the Course is so great as to be overwhelming. A whole issue of this journal could be filled with Pelmanists' letters of praise.

To the man who feels the need for more money—and his name is legion in these days of high prices—this evidence constitutes a signpost which it is impossible to ignore.

Why not discover how Pelmanism will prove beneficial to you in your special circumstances? You can do so by taking advantage of the invitation to investigate which is freely proffered by the Directors of the Pelman Institute.

If you can call you will be courteously received and a consultant will interview you in private. If you cannot call you should send a postcard or letter to the Pelman Institute, 27, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London W.C. 1.

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"BEHIND THE LIGHTS" (*concluded*)

"Mayn't a woman come and talk to her own husband, Layton?" she asked, in a strained voice.

"I suppose so," he replied, bluntly; "but not here—you know my rule."

"Funny," she said, looking straight before her, "I suppose Celia Mason is allowed in here often enough?"

"Who?" he swung round, "Celia *who?* What do you mean?"

The man and his wife looked fixedly at each other. Her instinct told her that he was not lying, and she was puzzled.

"I hear you're going to Paris for a holiday," she went on drily.

"*Paris?* Holiday? What nonsense is this? I'm taking no holiday—what's the good?" He checked himself suddenly. "More lies about me, I suppose." He sat down heavily at the dressing-table, and began fingering sticks of paint. Under the blaze of lights over the mirrors she could see, even under his make-up, how tired his eyes were. He was thinner

At this point Jimmy reappeared for a last glance at his master before Act 3. It was a wonderful night in front, and he began to say so, but was checked with a jerk of the Comedian's head, and the call-boy shouted the usual lie of warning, "Waitin' Mr. Fane, please."

Without a glance at his wife he left the room.

Mrs. Fane carried on polite conversation with Jimmy. Had he been an astute man, as well as a superb dresser, he would have realised that he was imparting much desired information to his master's wife in reply to her skilful half-questions. But they were all to Fane's credit, and the woman resolved upon a plan.

"Jimmy, I'm going to hide—for fun," she said, smiling. "He'll think I've gone—see? Mum's the word, mind."

"And their mother watched his face. What she saw there made her heart thump suddenly"

There was a curtained alcove in the star's dressing-room, wherein, unlike less exalted members of the caste, he washed in privacy.

After the *finale* the thunderous surf of applause came to them in jerks as the chorus ladies opened and shut the steel door at the back of the stage, and crowded laughing and singing up the narrow stone stairs.

Mabel Fane slipped quickly into the gloom of the alcove. The mirrors round the room were all she needed.

He took seven calls, with a set smile, and then they heard him coming slowly along the corridor.

He looked sharply round.

"Gone, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir. Said she was sorry she couldn't wait," lied the accomplice.

At his words the alertness of recent triumph dropped from him like a cloak. He leant wearily against the mantelpiece where the photos of his children stood. He picked one up, a group of them, all three, sitting on a swing.

And their mother watched his face.

What she saw there made her heart thump suddenly.

He had looked at her like that—once.

She came quietly out of hiding, and put her hands on his shoulders. He started.

"Mabel, I thought you'd——."

"Hush, dear. Jimmy, go and get me a whisky-and-soda, will you?"

The comprehending Jimmy effaced himself with a grin.

"Lay, darling, I want to talk to you. Come down with me by the last train, will you? I'm *so* sorry, my sweet, I—er—I." She paused, biting her lip.

But she continued to hold him with her hands on his shoulders.

"I want to kiss you, too, Lay. May I?"

For answer he walked quickly to the door, slammed, and locked it. Jimmy the dresser lost his regular 'bus to the "Red Lion," Barnes, and was very angry.

But when at length the door was opened to him and he saw a good deal of his master's make-up on Mrs. Fane's face, he understood, and was mollified.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY *v.* CORINTHIANS

A draw of three goals all was the result of this Association football match at Queen's Club, when the play, if not quite of the best pre-war brand, was fast and exciting throughout

By Phyllis Kermode

Games and Pastimes

GOLF

Lawn Tennis Players on the Links

If it was only a small party of lawn tennis players which assembled on the R.A.C. Course at Epsom last week, to compete for the Lawn Tennis Golf Cup, it was certainly a merry one. It would, undoubtedly, have been larger if the day had not been so very uninviting, for a number of would-be competitors, including Mr. Balfour, Lord d'Abernon and Sir Theodore Cook, failed to materialise. The competition, which was instituted in 1913, is decided by one round of medal play under handicap, and the winner holds the Challenge Cup, presented by Lord Desborough, for a year. There is also a prize for the best scratch score.

"Tall" Scoring

The winner was F. H. Jarvis, of Harpenden, a very good lawn tennis player indeed, and one who would be still better if he had more time for practice and play in public competition. At lawn tennis he is left-handed, but plays golf the other way round, and is not nearly so good with his clubs as he is with his racket, as his handicap, 16, shows. His winning score, 104—16—88, also shows that the quality of the golf was not high. This may be attributed in some measure to the weather, which added to the natural difficulties of the course, and more still, perhaps, to the fact that the whole party were not taking their golf very seriously. They must, in fact, have been rather amused at the solemn way in which they were taken to task for playing so badly by Mr. Greenwood in the *Daily Telegraph* next day.

A KEEN HOCKEY MATCH

In this encounter at Beckenham, Cambridge University and Tulse Hill proved to be very evenly matched. The 'Varsity (distinguishable in the picture by their light shirts) won by one goal to nil

From the Lawn to the Links

Tennis players had a golf competition all to themselves at Woodcote Park, Epsom, last week, when the Lawn Tennis Golf Cup Competition was revived. The weather was bad, and so was most of the Golf, but this did not prevent the reunion (to which further reference is made on p. 528) from proving most enjoyable

By PHYLLIS KERMODE

GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

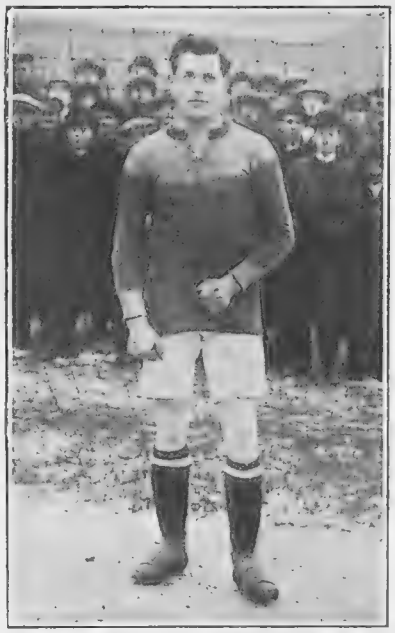
A Tie for the Scratch Prize

THE scratch prize was won by C. R. D. Pritchett, a lawn tennis ex-champion of Scotland, with a golf handicap of 2, who at first tied with R. J. Laughton (whose handicap is 4), with 94 gross. On the re-play, however, Pritchett showed something like his true form, and won easily with the respectable total—in the circumstances—of 86.

HOCKEY

Full and Half-Blue

THOSE who contended that a full Blue ought to be given for hockey at Oxford, as is the case at Cambridge, instead of a half-Blue have recently discovered a new and rather ingenious argument in support of their view. There are just now in residence at both Universities, and probably always will be, quite a number of undergraduates who play football (either Rugger or Soccer) and hockey as well, and it is suggested that Oxford hockey will suffer, as far as these people are concerned, for the following reason: Supposing a hockey man wishes to concentrate entirely on hockey, in spite of the fact that he is a good footballer too, and stands a chance of gaining a Rugger Blue, he will be deterred from so doing by the fact that for his Rugger he can gain a full Blue and for his hockey only a half, whereas at Cambridge he can get a full Blue either way.



Photograph *Sport and General*

J. G. COCK

First-rate Soccer centre-forwards are about as priceless as pearls just now. Cock, who originally played as an amateur for the Old Kingstonians, and has recently signed on for Chelsea, is believed to be about the best of them

Relative Values

THE argument sounds all very well on the face of it, but it involves the proposition that all full Blues are of equal value, which they are not. The Rugger Blue, for instance, is one of the oldest and most highly prized of all, and I can hardly imagine a man who has to make a choice—it is possible, of course, to go for both, but I am leaving that out, because it is not what the argument contemplates—preferring a Hockey Blue to a Rugger Blue. Anyone who did so would necessarily be such a downright, out-and-out, ardent devotee of hockey that all he would care about would be his place in the team, and not whether he got a full or a half-Blue for it. But for another reason I hope to see a full Blue given for hockey at Oxford very soon, which is because I think the standard of play at Oxford now merits this distinction, if it did not before.

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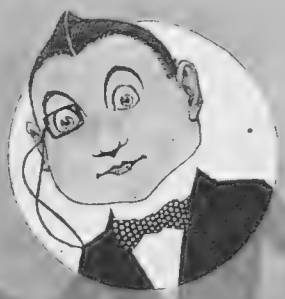

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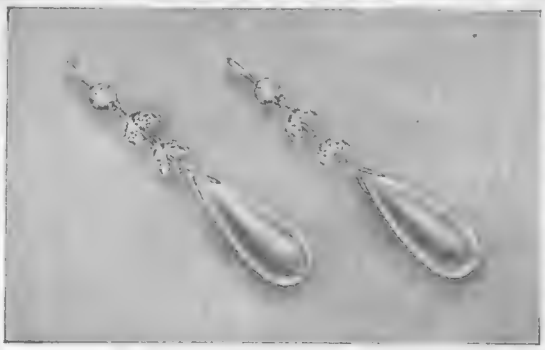

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THE OPENING MEET OF THE VINE

Which took place recently at Ewhurst Park. Riders to hounds are here seen waiting in a copse while the hounds are drawing

By FIELD, STREAM & COVERT

The Prince's Sporting Days

SHOOTING people have heard with much interest of the good sport with the gun which the Prince of Wales recently enjoyed in Western Canada. A very big bag was secured in the course of three days' shooting near Edenwold, the birds including canvas-backs, mallard, teal, and bluebills. It is not surprising to know that the Prince held his own with the rest of the guns. King George has long held the reputation of being one of the finest all-round game shots in the country, and his eldest son is likely to do well in the same direction. One thing is certain: the Prince of Wales richly deserves any opportunities for sport that he can secure in the course of his exacting and highly successful tour. The short duck-shooting holiday which he recently enjoyed at Fort Qu'Appelle was by no means a garden-party affair, some decidedly rough weather being experienced by the party under canvas. During one day's shooting a blizzard suddenly blew up, which sent the thermometer down to within twelve degrees of zero.

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

At the opening meet of the Vine Hunt

Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE OF WALES GOES DUCK SHOOTING

He recently spent three days duck shooting on the Qu'Appelle Lake, in the Regina district, Canada. The bag for two days was 480, the Prince bringing down more birds than any other member of the party

The swamp was frozen and tents nearly carried away. The Prince, however, possesses those inherent characteristics which make the genuinely keen sportsman oblivious to the unpropitious elements.

Good Start for Hunting

THE break in the weather came just in time greatly to improve the conditions for hunting in the first week of November. But for the opportune rainfalls the ground would have been extremely hard in most places—hardly the sort of going on which you would wish to try your new mounts. Scent, too, served badly during the latter had part of cub-hunting,

THE EARL OF CAVAN, MASTER OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE
With the hounds at the opening meet of the hunt at King's Walden

Photograph *Central News*

LORD CHESHAM GREETING HIS GUESTS
At the opening meet of the Old Berkeley Hunt, which took place recently at Latimer House, Chesham. Lord Chesham has resumed the Mastership, which during the war was held by Lady Chesham

but with plenty of moisture in the soil hounds were able to do much better than had been expected last week, and in several countries sport was really good. The Quorn were at Kirby Gate on Monday, and by the time these notes reach their reader another season will be in full swing in practically every fox-hunting country. We give pictures of opening days with the Vine, the Old Berkeley, and the Hertfordshire.

The Rabies' Scare

Upon those districts where cases of rabies have been detected, mainly in South Wales, the Board of Agriculture's embargo is still placed, but it is hoped that it will be lifted before the season is far advanced. For this reason, you will remember, there was practically no hunting in Devon last winter. In order to take no chances the Board stopped sport with the Western Hounds, whose Cornish country is fully eighty miles west of Plymouth, where the outbreak of rabies had occurred. That pack has now resumed hunting. A. W. C.

Photograph *Photo. Press*

THE OPENING MEET OF THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS
Which took place recently at Stoneleigh Deer Park, Warwickshire. Stoneleigh Abbey is the residence of Lord Leigh, who is seen in this picture wearing a white felt hat

RACING NOTIONS

THE REFORM STUNT. By "CARBINE"

'Stunters' at Work

EVERY now and again the racing reform "stunters" break loose, and at the moment there is quite an epidemic of suggestions for the improvement of the sport. Even the *Times*, not to be out of the stunt, has devoted leading articles to the question, and is seeking to teach the Jockey Club its business. As if there were one leader-writer on the Press who knew half as much about racing as any Steward of the Jockey Club has forgotten! It is well-known that the Turf authorities have just taken measures to examine the accounts of race-course companies, and, if finances permit of improvements both for owners and the public, they will certainly be set on the way when the exact position is revealed at the impending meeting of the Jockey Club. Australian visitors tell us that we are miles behind the times with our racing arrangements—that we ought to go to Flemington and such meetings to see how things really ought to be done.

MR. D. J. PARRY'S "STATE CLUB"
Taking the first fence in the trial of hunters which took place recently at Lord Tredegar's Agricultural Show at Newport, Monmouth

Derby Cup

LESS than a fortnight now remains to the end of flat-racing. Derby is the chief fixture this week, and we ought to have an interesting race for the Derby Cup on Friday. The performances of Alasnam and Square Measure at Aintree may have some bearing on this handicap, but this page went to press before the Liverpool Cup was run. **Wildwood** did us a very good turn when he won the Ayrshire Handicap a month or two since, and I shall give him another chance here, taking Alasnam as second string. On Wednesday one or two of the Cambridgeshire horses will be running in the Market Handicap, and I think thi easy course will just suit **Scatwell.** n the Chesterfield Nursery **Dark Dawn** may make amends for his recent disappointment at New market. **Fancy Man** has gone up considerably in the handicaps, but I should not care to oppose him for the Osmaston Nursery on Thursday. There will be a day's racing at Hurst Park at the end of the week, where **Aris** should win the Syon Handicap and **Elson** the Weybridge Nursery.

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(Reg'd)

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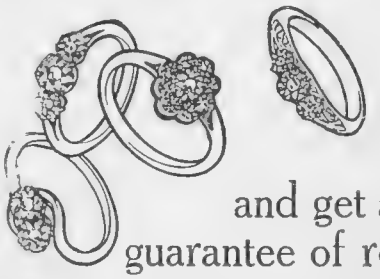

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *November* 10, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

THE first anniversary of Armistice. Time doesn't *fly* by, does it? It whizzes, whisks, whirls, hurtles, rockets, scuds, bolts, *bounces* down the ages! Breathlessly, giddily—

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome. . . .

卐 卐

ONE long process of getting tired is life, said Samuel Butler. And now we live faster—and get tireder. And the odds, the cruel, uneven, adamant, remorseless odds, are *always* with the enemy, who may be cajoled not even by the world-old wiles of woman—

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

卐 卐

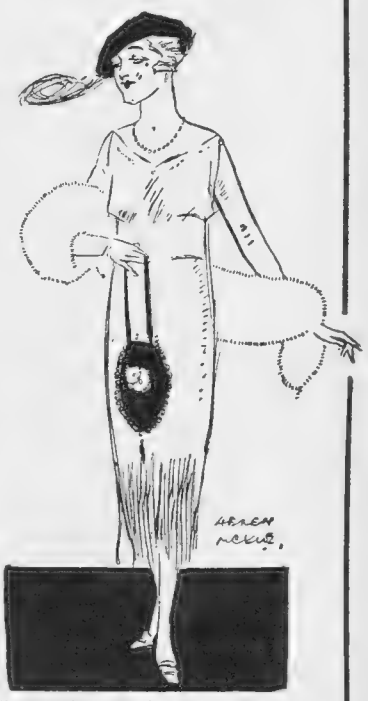
SINCE that sudden curtain-fall, since that November day when, after four War years the guns ceased, as they had boomed out, unexpectedly, is it really a year ago?

. . . . It seems but yesterday,
Yesterday! And a hundred years! All one.
'Tis laid a something finished, dark, away,
To gather mould upon the shelves of Time.

卐 卐

WE are, of course, to "celebrate." And perhaps it is best we should, for "no virtue is there in remembered pain," and thus we do, at any rate, ensure that the great days of great deeds recede not *too* quickly into the misty perspective of mere history. But for some of us, the mothers who so loved their sons, the wives who gave their men, the thousands who lost all their friends, for these Armistice spelt and spells not a cessation, but a stirring-up of agony.

'Where could the gentleman have been taken to, d'you think?'



"Their 'little' frocks . . . slim shoes . . single rows of pearls."

卐 卐

I WISH we could celebrate Armistice—well, not *quite* so awf'ly cheerfully! War took so much and has given us *so* little. Let us remember and be very, very thankful that, anyway, some that we love remain. But let us also give thought especially to those, so young, so gallant, so unutterably dear, who do not grow old as we that are left grow old, whose place we'd some of us sometimes so willingly take.

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THE soldier-author of "In Flanders Fields," wasn't it, who wrote—

'Twas just last year—I heard two lovers pass
So near, I caught the tender words he said:
To-night the rain-drenched breezes sway the grass
Above his head.

That night full envious of his life was I,
That youth and love should stand at his behest;
To-night I envy him, that he should be
At utter rest.

卐 卐

AH, well! After such night "of ravage and of rain" it's very good to be at peace again, if it *does* hurt sometimes. Turn down the page of memory and *such* a lovely world remains—the world that's even more precious now that *they've* died to save it. So gay it is, so amusing, so beautiful—Kensington Gardens, as I walked there this afternoon, was an exquisite autumn vision, all quiet and very still, the leaves falling to earth, silvered by the rising moon and rosy from a burning fiery furnace of a setting sun.

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BUT it's not a very *good* world, anyway, not according to our critics, who stand aghast at this aftermath of War:

Reason has moons, but moons not hers
Lie mirror'd on her sea,
Confounding her astronomers,
But, O! delighting me.

Seems we're suffering from the inevitable ping of the swendulum. For such a long time we were goodish, and now we're inclined to be baddish.

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IN fact, more than baddish—naughty. Thus, the very newest artistic thing in Eves and Gardens of Eden I heard described last week as a "matter for the police." The "deepest spiritual disease" of the present day, I read, is "disbelief in conscience"; and here's how the one universal pastime of the day—dancing—strikes, anyway, one of our critics, who had hied him "to one of the most priceless of the modern terpsichorean tabernacles," hoping to renew his delight in "the most gracious of human diversions"—

As for the magic of motion—it was more like a dense football scrummage than a dance. . . . Was this angular wriggling and writhing, this uncouth parade of epileptic gymnastics, the best substitute for dancing modern society could offer? . . . Music's voluptuous swell rose to a dissipated, syncopated hullabaloo; a weird and ear-splitting debauch of dissonance. . . . As an expression of pretty and delicate poetical sentiment I prefer prize-fighting. . .

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WHERE *could* the gentleman have been taken to, d'you think? Haven't seen anything *nearly* so exciting in even the *worst* places I've been to. In fact, very often, of course, the worser the purer, so to speak. As is well known, morals rather ascend than descend as one sinks in the social scale. At the toppermost end of which there really isn't *time*, you know, to worry about the moral side of life when the physical's *so* alluring.

We all know what the Welsh Regiment's like.

卐 卐

AND where, too, youth, nowadays, anyway, is eternal—or very nearly. Remarked it, with more and more amazement, lunching in the bright light of early autumn midday in the restaurant of the Ritz last week when "the Spains" were the centre of attraction. All round the room were women whose years, as given in "Debrett," made them old enough, or nearly, to be the matronly young Queen's mother; and who, when Victoria was Queen, would have jolly well looked it.

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WHAT they *did* look like in their "little" frocks and their slim shoes, their single rows of pearls, their funny frenzied feverishly expensive hats and Cartier rings was—just girls; sophisticated girls, perhaps, but with skins and lips and teeth and hair that sweet seventeen wouldn't be ashamed of.

"An inky Fleet Street Philanderer."

AT Ciro's, by the way, there's quite an innovation. The waiters wait upon you quite as if they not only don't *mind*, they positively *like* it. And you really get everything you want as *well* as your bill. Which is *quite* a novelty for England in War *and* peace time, isn't it?

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OF the very khaki days of War am agreeably reminded by this effusion, which *does* read like Letters to Blanche in War-time, doesn't it? Comes from a well-known Battalion of The Welsh Regiment, and runs on the best-known lines, as follows:

There is, dear Blanche, at the moment in the mess, much debate and no little money upon the entrancing subject of yourself.

卐 卐

AND continues—"the inevitable cynic would make you either an inky "Fleet Street" philanderer with 'some' imagination and a thirst of prodigious extent, or else an aged, but healthy, old lady, with your tongue in your literary cheek and flannel next your skin.

卐 卐

WITH which, of course, the majority of us, being under your influence, will have naught to do. *We* know you to be the right age; that your hair is the right sort of brown, and your nose right on your face, but we think it is your duty to silence the cynic for all time. After all, Blanche, you do dash about a bit, you know. Clubs and chiffons and cocktails and things, and all about life, but never a word about Blanche. . . . Of course, it *is* difficult——."

卐 卐

ON the whole, the reply is, as usual—in the negative. Tho this bold young man *has* refrained from what the gun-room used to say to me—"some of us think you *must* be a man, Blanche, you're *so* clever sometimes!" As I've just been reading somewhere, "Every woman has a secret. A good woman's secret is generally that she's never had an opportunity of being anything but a good woman."

卐 卐

MINE'S not *quite* that But we all know what The Welsh Regiment's like, and on these darker nights, as they say in *Back Again*, the visibility is *so* low. . . .

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

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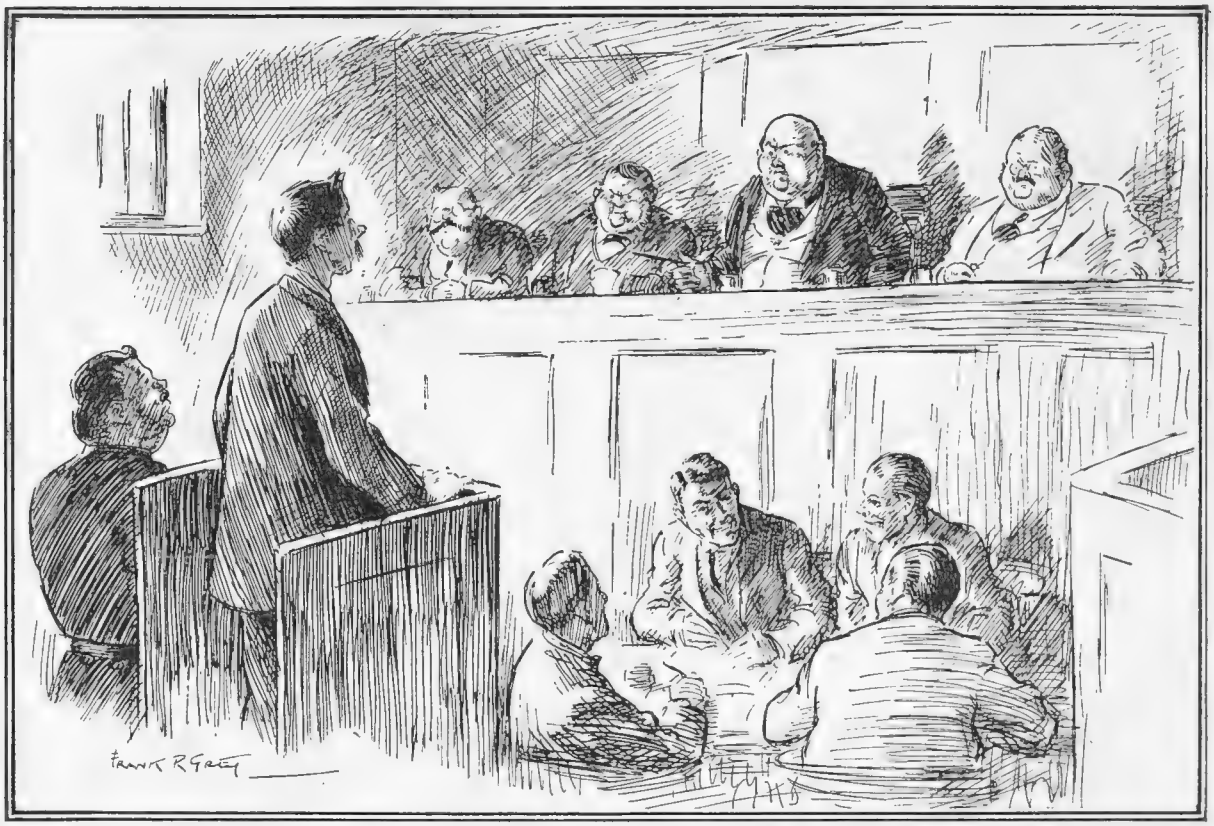
Very Much in Mufti!

KING ALBERT AND QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM

On their visit to the United States. They are here seen with members of their party at a view-point above the American River near the Blue Cañon, California

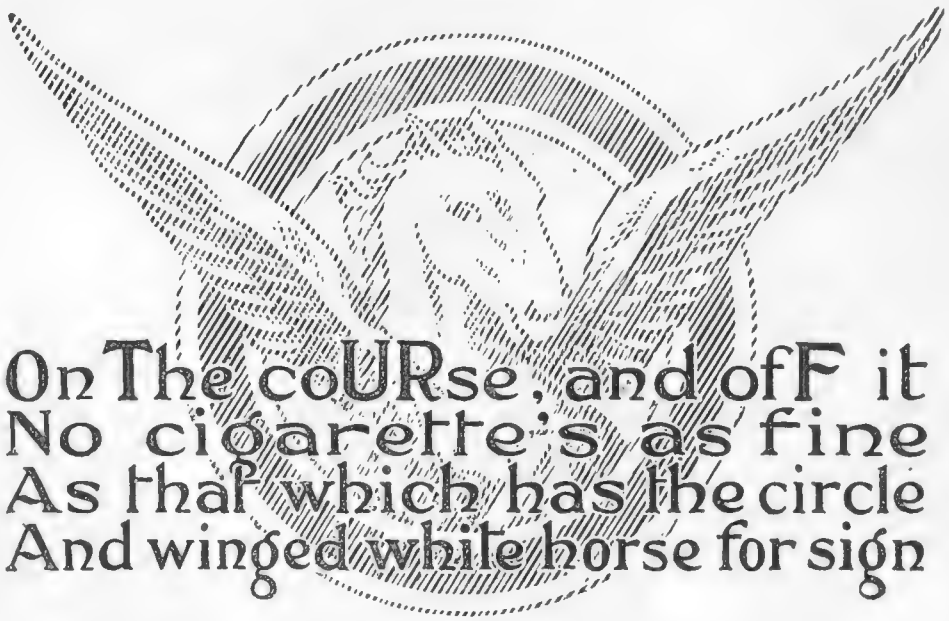
"Pawky" Humour!



MAGISTRATE: "You are convicted of pig-stealing. Now, if this sort of thing is allowed to continue, *we shall none of us be safe!*"

By Frank R. Grey

A Turf Jingle



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As that which has the circle
And winged white horse for sign

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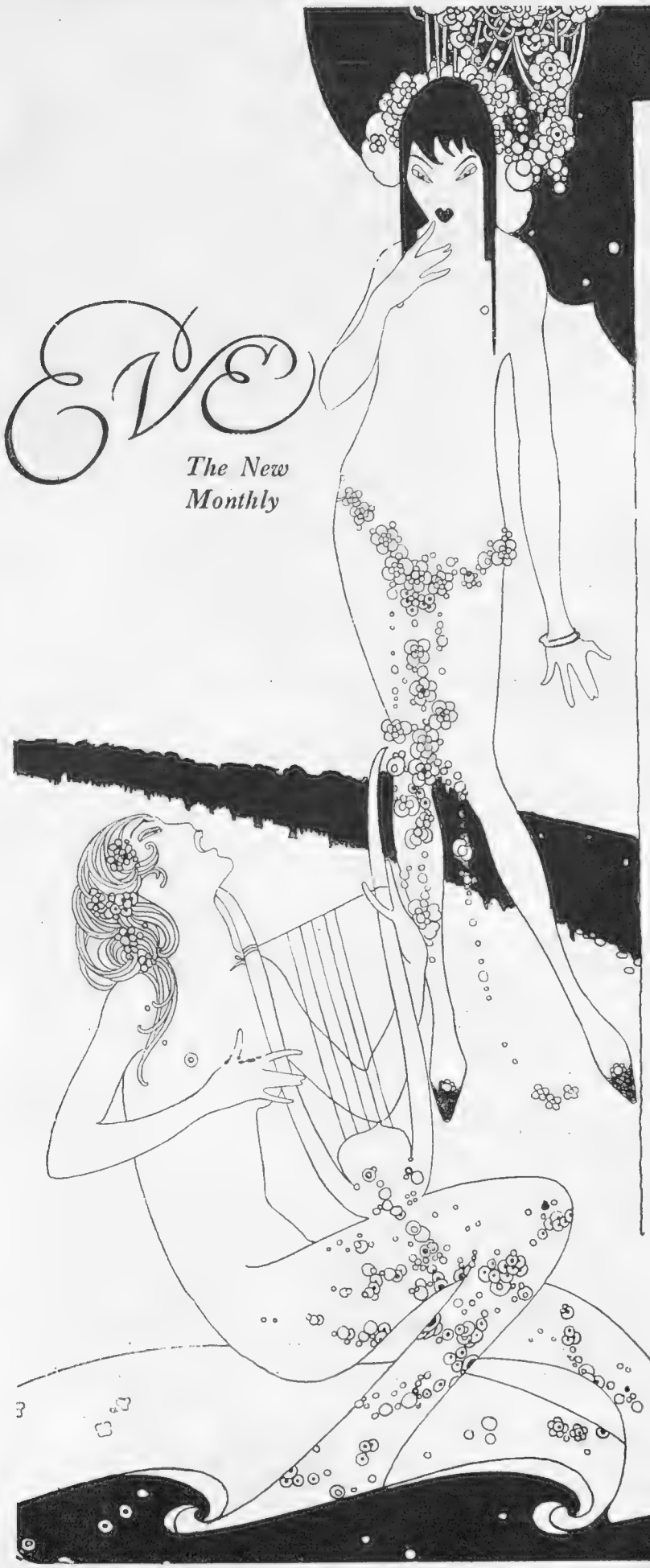

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"THE BYSTANDER" WRECKED! A NAMESAKE IN THE SOMME VALLEY

The Army and Full Dress

By ARTHUR MILLS

In the long ago, soon after the Armistice, a Committee was appointed to sit upon the question of future Army dress regulations. It is, so far as is known, still sitting. It is, however, tolerably certain that the Household Cavalry, the Foot Guards, the Royal Horse Artillery, and certain Highland regiments will return to full dress uniform before long. In connection with the Highland regiments a touch of humour was provided the other day by a correspondent in a weekly paper, who stated that it was expected the Highland regiments would *retain* their kilts. He did not say what would be the alternative for the gallant "jocks" if they were deprived of this garment!

It is a tradition, jealously preserved in the Army, to debate at length any question affecting the minutest detail of change of dress. Most people will have forgotten the time when a movement was set on foot to introduce some gold thread into the scarlet sash worn by infantry officers in full dress. I do not know how many meetings of the Army Council took place over this matter, but I remember three different kinds of sashes arriving one day at Regimental Head Quarters, some with no gold thread, some with a little, and some with much. They were tried on by the lean and the stout, the tall and the small, and after a whole day's argument a report was duly rendered to the War Office through the usual channels.

Many old regulars are in favour of going back to full dress, expensive and uncomfortable as it is. A regiment's uniform is very nearly connected with a regiment's history. There are touches here and there in the various uniforms that each have their own special significance. It must be remembered that our soldiers once fought in their scarlet coats; the bearskin of the Guards, the breastplate of the Household Cavalry, the close gold braiding across the breast of the jacket of the Royal Horse Artillery, the heavy gold corded epaulettes of the infantry, all these things are survivals in some form of the time when troops fought hand to hand.

In 1913 the British Army, on full dress occasions, was the best dressed Army in the world. Those who saw any of the great reviews on Laffan's Plain, Aldershot, before the War, when Household troops, Foot Guards, Highlanders, Greenjackets, Infantry, Artillery, and Cavalry of the Line, were massed in one glittering row of colour before the Royal Stand, may well remember the gorgeousness of the spectacle. However, it was a puzzle to our neighbours why we kept one uniform for peace and one for war. The French Army had only one uniform. I remember myself seeing a regiment of *Cuirassiers* coming out of action early in 1914 wearing their breast plates; the officers had these breastplates *burnished*. Well might one have repeated the Frenchman's own saying that such a sight was magnificent but not war. There is in this country, also, a school of opinion that are in favour of a uniform serviceable for all occasions being adopted.

It is tolerably certain that considerable modification will be made in the full dress of many regiments if they do go back to it. Gold lace will be eliminated as far as possible; so will silver-plated sword scabbards, and frock coats. Oh! those frock coats! Who will not be glad to see the last of them? However, with the best will in the world to do everything as economically as possible, a return to full dress must fall very heavily upon the many young officers who have joined since the War. One or two enterprising second-hand clothiers have bought up large quantities of second-hand full dress during the War, on which they hope—if the new regulations are brought into force—to make a handsome turn-over. The unfortunate guardsman is especially to be pitied, as he must buy two or even three of everything.

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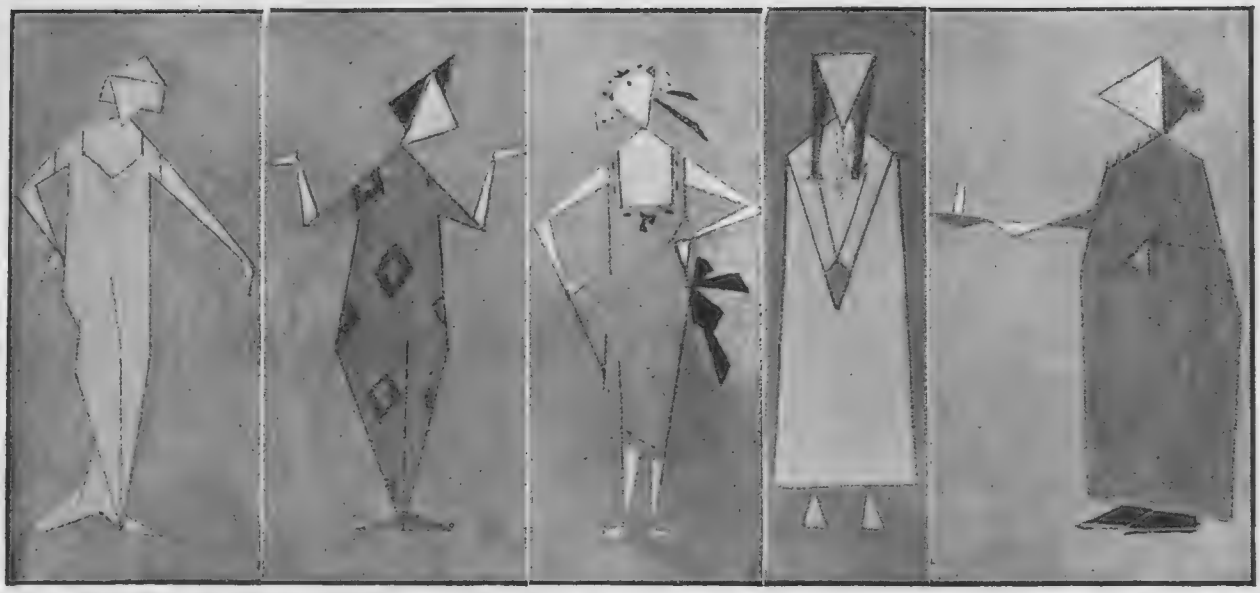

MAYFAIR CHELSEA LEICESTER SQUARE SUBURBIA PIMLICO

HOW LONDON SLEEPS

By Laura Wildig

A New Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

The civilian turned soldier has not hesitated to write down his experiences. There has been a steady stream of such books, plain tales, they may be, or elaborate fiction. All sides of military life have been treated by all sorts of pens. Sometimes it has happened that a military career has started the pen; there are men who would have laughed, had you told them in 1913 that within five or six years they would be publishing an account of their adventures or entering the ranks of the poets. Indeed, this new library is almost incredibly large. Field-Marshals, I suppose, are setting the example. And there will be scores more. The censor has gone: you can write pretty much what you want nowadays. Surely, then, there are already enough? And I confess that it was with some trepidation that I opened Stephen Graham's new book, *A Private in the Guards* (Macmillan: 10s. net). Was there anything very new to be said, even by so picturesquely unusual a writer as Graham?

⁂ ⁂

I need not have worried. In the first place, I ought to have remembered that the Guards are a race of men wholly apart. In the second place, I ought to have realised the strangeness of Stephen Graham, a private in the Scots Guards. True, he had roughed it often before. You cannot roam throughout Russia (even without Bolshevics waiting to rob you) disguised as a tramp, without considerable hardships. But on a tramp you are very particularly your own master. You make your own plans, you go where you will, you depend on yourself. What, then, would happen when a man like the author of *The Priest of the Ideal*—one of the strangest books ever produced in this age of commercial competition—came up against the iron discipline of the Guards? I have no hesitation in saying that *A Private in the Guards* stands by itself amongst books of its kind. It is extraordinarily frank and simple and life-like. It is the work of a man who forgets none of his ideals, no matter what happens.

⁂ ⁂

You read every one of his chapters with the keenest delight. He begins with some notes upon discipline. If a private in the Guards does not know the meaning of discipline, nobody does. You follow him through that terrible training in "Little Sparta," and come to know every one of his sergeants. You see where the system succeeds and where it may fail. You understand how the writer came to see that *esprit de corps*, if properly inculcated, is the one thing that matters. The grossness of things, you have been told, is inevitable; but—is it? Stephen Graham writes simply of these things, as a man who has seen and deplored and hoped. You accompany him to the front, and hear of horrors—so much you expect—but there is something behind those horrors, and it is that something behind rather than the horrors themselves that sticks in your mind. You understand why he thinks that *padres* should not be officers.

⁂ ⁂

And then comes that glorious march to the Rhine—the excitement in Belgium, the queer behaviour of those who had once been called Huns. You begin to understand just a little how the ordinary man who had fought and bled felt about things during those wonderful days. Yes, it is a book to be read. It is not a mere history of the Battalion—though chapters describe all its glorious feats—and it is not the mere experiences of one particular man in the War. It is very much more. There is no narrow criticism, no sloughing over unpleasant things, no peevish complaints. It is the book of a man who has something to say.

⁂ ⁂

Go anywhere nowadays, and the talk, if it is not about dancing, will generally centre about the condition of Labour, the general unrest, the

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

forthcoming "Revolution," and what not. What on earth is going to happen? Are we really going to become a ghastly sort of Utopia in which everyone has his own appointed task? Are we going to smash seven hundred years of tradition in seven hundred minutes? Is our "proletariat"—I have still to find out what this word really means, though I have some faint idea—able to look after itself let alone those who don't belong to it? There is a most unusual book just published, called *The Equipment of the Workers* (Allan and Unwin: 6*s.*), which is a detailed enquiry carried out by the St. Philip's Settlement Education and Economics Research Society at Sheffield, into "the adequacy of the adult manual workers for the discharge of their responsibilities as heads of households, producers and citizens"—surely an admirable piece of work. The evidence is curious. I will say nothing of the conclusions that are drawn—you will probably draw your own easily enough—but the evidence itself is mightily interesting, and I recommend this honest attempt to find out how things really are to all thoughtful readers.

MRS. CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Formerly Mildred Harris, the film star, who offered the fleet of Chaplin aeroplanes to the Mayor of Los Angelos to convey King Albert and his consort to the town

* * *

THE *True Love* (Collins: 7*s.* net), of which Mr. Allan Monkhouse sets out to tell us in his new novel, is that of a Manchester dramatist for an actress who is really a German. The earlier chapters, which describe in agreeable detail a provincial "production," and hint at the inner workings of a famous Manchester paper, are full of an interest of their own. There is much careful work in the book.

This Week's "Graphic"

THE significance of President Poincaré's visit to London and the force and stability of the man's character, as well as the influence of his high office, are finely set forth in James Milne's articles on France now appearing in the *Graphic*. In next Saturday's issue he will deal with Paris from the woman's point of view—Society, Fashion, and the Difficulties of Housekeeping. These lucid and sympathetic articles in the *Graphic* are being widely read.

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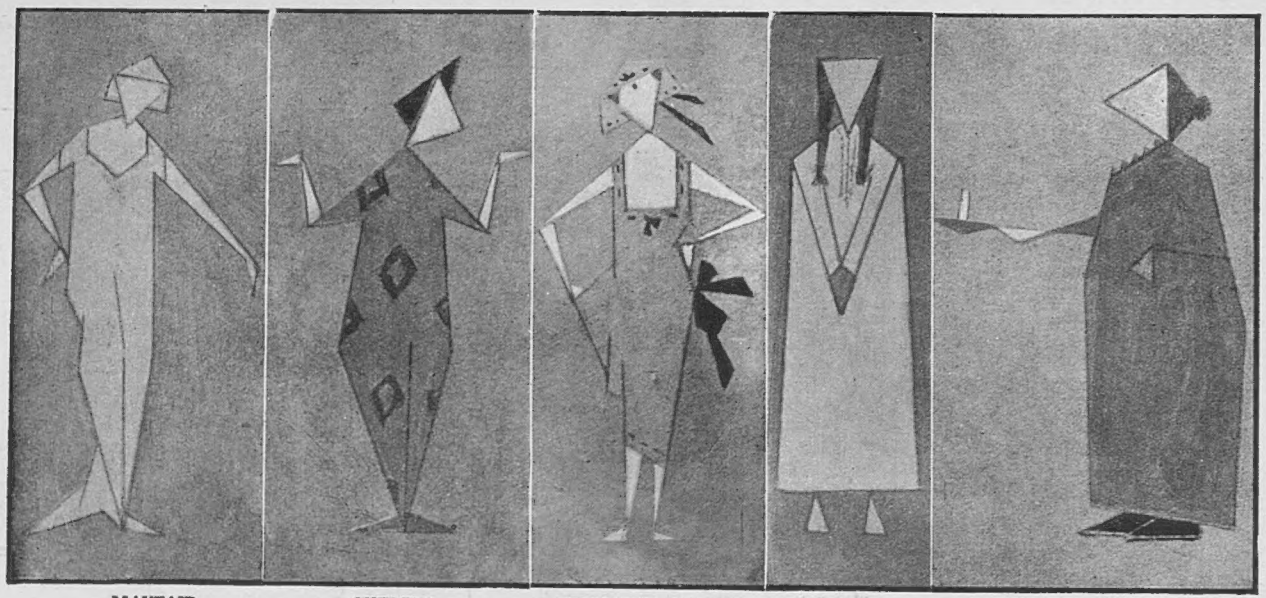

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A New Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

The civilian turned soldier has not hesitated to write down his experiences. There has been a steady stream of such books, plain tales, they may be, or elaborate fiction. All sides of military life have been treated by all sorts of pens. Sometimes it has happened that a military career has started the pen; there are men who would have laughed, had you told them in 1913 that within five or six years they would be publishing an account of their adventures or entering the ranks of the poets. Indeed, this new library is almost incredibly large. Field-Marshals, I suppose, are setting the example. And there will be scores more. The censor has gone: you can write pretty much what you want nowadays. Surely, then, there are already enough? And I confess that it was with some trepidation that I opened Stephen Graham's new book, *A Private in the Guards* (Macmillan: 10s. net). Was there anything very new to be said, even by so picturesquely unusual a writer as Graham?

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I need not have worried. In the first place, I ought to have remembered that the Guards are a race of men wholly apart. In the second place, I ought to have realised the strangeness of Stephen Graham, a private in the Scots Guards. True, he had roughed it often before. You cannot roam throughout Russia (even without Bolshevics waiting to rob you) disguised as a tramp, without considerable hardships. But on a tramp you are very particularly your own master. You make your own plans, you go where you will, you depend on yourself. What, then, would happen when a man like the author of *The Priest of the Ideal*—one of the strangest books ever produced in this age of commercial competition—came up against the iron discipline of the Guards? I have no hesitation in saying that *A Private in the Guards* stands by itself amongst books of its kind. It is extraordinarily frank and simple and life-like. It is the work of a man who forgets none of his ideals, no matter what happens.

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You read every one of his chapters with the keenest delight. He begins with some notes upon discipline. If a private in the Guards does not know the meaning of discipline, nobody does. You follow him through that terrible training in "Little Sparta," and come to know every one of his sergeants. You see where the system succeeds and where it may fail. You understand how the writer came to see that *esprit de corps*, if properly inculcated, is the one thing that matters. The grossness of things, you have been told, is inevitable; but—is it? Stephen Graham writes simply of these things, as a man who has seen and deplored and hoped. You accompany him to the front, and hear of horrors—so much you expect—but there is something behind those horrors, and it is that something behind rather than the horrors themselves that sticks in your mind. You understand why he thinks that *padres* should not be officers.

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And then comes that glorious march to the Rhine—the excitement in Belgium, the queer behaviour of those who had once been called Huns. You begin to understand just a little how the ordinary man who had fought and bled felt about things during those wonderful days. Yes, it is a book to be read. It is not a mere history of the Battalion—though chapters describe all its glorious feats—and it is not the mere experiences of one particular man in the War. It is very much more. There is no narrow criticism, no sloughing over unpleasant things, no peevish complaints. It is the book of a man who has something to say.

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Go anywhere nowadays, and the talk, if it is not about dancing, will generally centre about the condition of Labour, the general unrest, the

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

forthcoming "Revolution," and what not. What on earth is going to happen? Are we really going to become a ghastly sort of Utopia in which everyone has his own appointed task? Are we going to smash seven hundred years of tradition in seven hundred minutes? Is our "proletariat"—I have still to find out what this word really means, though I have some faint idea—able to look after itself let alone those who don't belong to it? There is a most unusual book just published, called *The Equipment of the Workers* (Allan and Unwin: 6*s.*), which is a detailed enquiry carried out by the St. Philip's Settlement Education and Economics Research Society at Sheffield, into "the adequacy of the adult manual workers for the discharge of their responsibilities as heads of households, producers and citizens"—surely an admirable piece of work. The evidence is curious. I will say nothing of the conclusions that are drawn—you will probably draw your own easily enough—but the evidence itself is mightily interesting, and I recommend this honest attempt to find out how things really are to all thoughtful readers.

MRS. CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Formerly Mildred Harris, the film star, who offered the fleet of Chaplin aeroplanes to the Mayor of Los Angelos to convey King Albert and his consort to the town

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THE *True Love* (Collins: 7*s.* net), of which Mr. Allan Monkhouse sets out to tell us in his new novel, is that of a Manchester dramatist for an actress who is really a German. The earlier chapters, which describe in agreeable detail a provincial "production," and hint at the inner workings of a famous Manchester paper, are full of an interest of their own. There is much careful work in the book.

This Week's "Graphic"

THE significance of President Poincaré's visit to London and the force and stability of the man's character, as well as the influence of his high office, are finely set forth in James Milne's articles on France now appearing in the *Graphic*. In next Saturday's issue he will deal with Paris from the woman's point of view—Society, Fashion, and the Difficulties of Housekeeping. These lucid and sympathetic articles in the *Graphic* are being widely read.

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